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DRY-POINT PORTRAIT OF MADAME HELLEU BY HER HUSBAND

Helleu and His Art

By Perriton Maxwell



ETCHING is the handwriting of art, and the dry-point is its spiritual essence. Technically, a dry-point is no more an etching than is a pencil drawing. Both dry-points and etchings are executed upon a polished copper surface, and both are printed with ink impressed into lines sunk below the plate's surface; but there the analogy ends, for the first are drawn directly on the metal with a needle, while a true etching (as

its name implies) is produced by the action of acids which eat, according to the etcher's manipulation, to a greater or lesser depth into the copper. And yet etchings and dry-points are constantly confused by the uninformed and the two processes referred to as interchangeable terms. The dry-point is autographic, individual, spontaneous, and the artist's work must stand or fall by his first swift lines scratched upon the virgin metal; there can be no retracing of the original strokes, no patching up of defects, no wiping out of false contact with the copper. It is like firing a gun—the spent bullet can-

not be recalled; and for the art amateur the dry-point is as deadly as a loaded rifle.

The production of a successful dry-point, therefore, presupposes a thorough mastery of the requisite materials plus a sound knowledge of drawing and an unerring method of execution. Obviously the dry-point artist must have a fixed mental image of the picture he is about to realize and must go to his task with the splendid assurance and absolute certainty of a duck taking to water. So much for the mechanics of the thing.

Because of the besetting difficulties of the art there are very few dry-pointists in the world. More money and medals are to be achieved with less training and less actual labor in other paths of art. Then, too, the dry-point is only now coming into its own as a distinctive and popular branch of graphics. More than any modern, Paul Helleu has dignified and glorified dry-point portraiture; he has made it seductive, he has brought it into line with pastel painting and has caused two continents to buzz his name and praise his artistry. So much has he twinned his handiwork on copper with the beauty of woman-kind that to say Helleu is to create instantly a brain-picture of feminine loveliness in outline. Paul Helleu to-day means the perfection of the dry-point; the man and his medium are well-nigh synonymous. It is a mighty thing to identify oneself with one's work to an extent where the work and the personality of the worker are completely merged. This Helleu has done, and done so well that, for the present hour at least, he stands preeminent, in a niche of his own making, in the world of art.

Very little is known of Paul Helleu as a man. He is forty-five, he is married, he is happy, and Paris is his home. Modest, almost timid, he is. Courting no publicity, gleeful when at work, half dolorous when otherwise occupied, little seen on the boulevards of his beloved city, he continues to add to his already great reputation with every scratch of his needle on shimmering copper. He has a thousand imitators who, with their best efforts, merely succeed in proving how masterful the master is. Like all great things, his art is embodied simplicity. His portraits entice the unwary tyro into imitation—they look so easy to do; and they are easy to do—for Paul Helleu. He has encompassed the grand climacteric of all good art—the negation of the strenuous—the art of intelligent omission. He knows where to

leave off. Some wit that was also an artist once declared it required two men to paint a really good picture—one to wield the brush and another to wield a club with which to belabor the painter at that critical point when he had finished his canvas and didn't know it. Whether Helleu has been clubbed into his present knowledge or whether he came by it through sheer genius is not recorded, but the fact is apparent that he is no longer worried by the non-essentials of his art. Swift as a swallow's flight is his technique, swift and easeful. The eye is not teased with a multiplicity of lines; every stroke exists for a purpose and moves in its own orbit to the completion of the whole.

As Charles Dana Gibson and Harrison Fisher have, as the careless essayists put it, "immortalized" the American girl, so Paul Helleu has made the Parisian woman an enduring quantity. In some degree Helleu has the better of the argument since his types are in a form somewhat more permanent than the products of his American compeers. But, naturally enough, after exhausting his stock of Paris beauties he came to America for unique examples of the feminine and, also naturally enough, here he found his finest inspiration. He agrees with his critics that the dry-point portraits he did while in this country, and those that have just left his hand after numerous sittings from fair Americans passing through Paris, are his ablest products and mark the zenith of his expressional powers. Some of these later works are here reproduced and go far to prove the sanity of the Helleu cult now rampant here and abroad.

One does not have to be steeped in art lore to appreciate these gracile interpretations of beauty; they speak the universal language with no lack of clarity; they breathe beauty in every line and delight the eye at every angle. They are the fullest expression of a mature and masterful style. Dainty indeed is his drawing but never weak; subtle it is at times, like the down on a butterfly's wing, but never uncertain. The contour of a girl's cheek and the curve of a woman's shoulder are to Helleu matters of much importance, things to be taken quite seriously, studied with assiduous care, and rendered into line with the vigor of Rodin's chisel.

To say that all of Helleu's work is good would be saying a foolish untruth. To err is human and Helleu is decidedly human. He has done much that is bad—utterly,



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THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH



AN OUT-OF-DOOR GIRL—A CRAYON STUDY MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN
BY M. PAUL HELLEU

shamelessly bad. But as one's life-work goes he has a remarkably long list of good things counterbalancing the bad. He has had the man's strength to destroy most of the original plates of his first unfortunate efforts and has recalled as many impressions of these as could be regained, so that but few of his early indiscretions can now confront him. To-day he produces fewer portraits and sends forth into the world only such of these as have passed muster at his own critical review. He has grown big enough to discard with his left hand what his right hand has done.

To analyze the charm of Helleu's work is no easy matter. No effort is required to trace the progress of his drawing, line by line, and know the meaning of each, but wherein the subtlety of his effect has its source is not at once apparent. Individual indeed is his method and accurate his characterization, but back of his technique and buttressing, his facility of execution, is his prevision of human nature and its exterior manifestations in the face, the hands, and the figure of his subject. He has a wonderful knack of illuminating character, and with almost feminine intuition he feels and portrays the fleeting emotions; these capabilities make for distinction, giving to his merest impressionistic sketch the verity of life. It is this faculty of peering beneath the surface indications of personality which makes Sargent the prince of portrait-painters and which makes the pictured personages of Whistler's brush seem alive and palpitant even while we realize that they are nothing more than pigmental creations on flat canvas. It is within the scope of no camera to produce such results, and it is a genial thought for artists that photography carried to its *n*th artistic power cannot hope to portray the inner character of those that pose before its cold mechanical eye. What Sargent possesses and what Whistler possessed, Helleu holds in no lesser degree.

Now and again Helleu lays down the etching-needle for the crayon point, but in changing his medium he neither abandons his peculiar style nor loses his exquisite feeling for the value of lines. One of his most notable recent drawings is the portrait-study in red and black crayon reproduced with this article. Here the model was not one of your consciously pretty young women tricked out for the studio ordeal, but just a

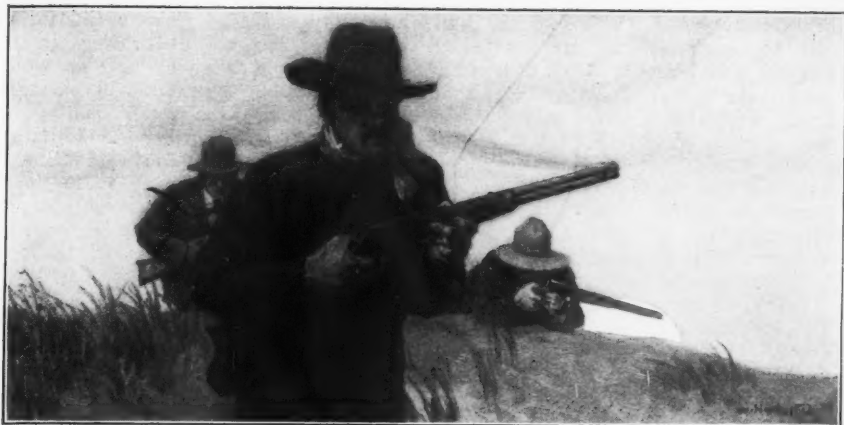
plain, wholesome girl in a simple gown. And yet she is more than personable; she is likable. You feel that she may be even companionable. Women will doubtless call her dowdy because her bonnet is clearly "out of style," but withal no one can gainsay that Helleu has set himself the difficult task of making this girl of chalk interesting in spite of her clothes. It was to achieve the supposedly impossible that he drew this figure for the *COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE*; he wished to prove that he could do other things than fashionable women, that if he chose to do so he could be equally skillful in limning ingénues, grand dames, and peasants. He has not yet shown us his peasants, but he has proved beyond peradventure that he can draw "the ordinary woman" and do it in a manner compelling admiration. It was a test of versatility and versatile we now know him to be. There will be some, I question not, that will like this little, swiftly drawn study as well as, if not better than, the daintier portraits. It is a suave symphony in simple lines, a storiote in picture form, and it contrives to hold one's interest wholly by suggestion. It is a maximum effect of reality agreeably executed with a minimum of effort. And that is Art with a big A.

The warm, rich beauty of the original dry-point examples reproduced with these comments, it is not possible to appreciate fully as they stand here translated into halftones; much of their brilliancy has, per necessity, vanished and many of the hair-lines have become vaporous while the peach-blow delicacy of the flesh-tints is only approximated. And yet the very effort to present these typical specimens of Helleu's art, greatly reduced as they are in size, is something of a mechanical triumph. Of this you may judge for yourself as the printed page lies open before you. If you stop to consider that Helleu's own plates are painstakingly, laboriously impressed by hand, the inks being rubbed into each grained line by the printer's palm and this slow process repeated with every fresh impression of the hand-press (the total number of prints, be it noted, rarely exceeding five hundred copies), and then compare this tedious method with the work of the roaring monster that printed these pages at a speed equaling that of a racing motor-car, you will perhaps draw conclusions not wholly unfavorable to these color-replicas of the daintiest and frailest of all art modes—the dry-point.



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

"THERE CAME A FLASH OF STEEL, A SHARP REPORT, AND THE WHITE-FACED MAN
CRUMPLED UP WITH THE VENOM OF LEAD IN HIS VITALS"



"THE THREE MEN ROSE AGAINST THE SKY-LINE AND RACED AFTER THE HORSES"

Captain Kidd of the Underground

By J. Olivier Curwood

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



HERE were at least seven Lake Erie ports that might have claimed Captain Kidd as a citizen, for the reason that this unusual individual was a frequenter of them all, though he owned property in none. In these seven towns there were seven thousand or more people who could have pointed out Captain Kidd on sight, but it is doubtful if there were more than seven who could truthfully have said that they were personally acquainted with the man and his ship, especially the ship, and not one of these could have sworn as to Captain Kidd's method of making a livelihood. Some thought that he carried sand. Others were of the opinion that his ship was a tramp. And a few, a very few, winked in a peculiarly non-committal way when the subject was raised, as is the habit of old lakemen when in doubt. But the people of busy lake-ports are too deeply absorbed during the

months of navigation to prod into another man's business unless there are dollars and cents at the bottom of it, and as a result the skipper of the *Lauraline Spreckles*, abbreviated to *Laura Spreck* by her master and owner, was allowed to seek his ways in undisturbed peace.

This fact was properly appreciated by Captain Kidd, who frequently gave thanks for the same to the providence which guided his fortunes. On the other side of the lake, where in a bleak stretch of the Canadian shore terminated the famous underground railway which began in Peking, Hongkong, and Shanghai, Captain Kidd possessed a reputation which would have won him a life of considerable monotony, if Uncle Sam had known. This, too, was a fact properly digested by this cheerful adventurer. Meanwhile he continued to smuggle Chinamen and now and then a Chinese girl.

This afternoon Captain Kidd was in a more reflective mood than usual. Ostensibly he was taking up sand. The *Laura Spreck* lay three-quarters of a mile off a

Captain Kidd of the Underground

barren stretch of Ontario dunes and marshes, over which the day was fading away in a fiery sunset. Back of him the gray rib-line of Point Pelee trembled like a thread of desert sand in the haze that was shifting seaward from the marshes of Pigeon Bay. That rib-line, which reminded him of the slim white forefinger of a lady's hand, was indissolubly associated with the fortunes of Captain Kidd. Among its barren drifts he had added to his sins; in its loneliness he had piled up the hoard of gold of which no man knew but himself. To him it was the visible end of the underground. That mysterious chain of human mechanisms might begin almost anywhere outside the country of which he was a subject, but it ended there. From that point the yellow-skinned contraband came to him, and as he half dreamed now in watching its thin outline, he thought of the secrets that it held for him. From it he had taken Hop Lee, a cousin of Mock Duck, who had paid five thousand dollars to the head agent for his relative's importation. Hop Lee had taken up with his famous cousin's life in San Francisco, and long before the great fire he had become one of the most proficient murderers in his tong. Then there was honest "Joe" Tung, who now owned three laundries in Buffalo, and who annually sent him a present of fifty dollars because of prosperity and gratitude; and there were two score or more others of whom he had lost all account. Now and then there had been a girl, but he could only wonder where these had gone, and each time one of them came to him through the underground his rough heart ached with sympathy.

It was a girl he was waiting for now. For weeks Captain Kidd had been working up an interest in her. There were certain reasons why he had come to anticipate the time when he would see Ah Ho, as she was named to him in his instructions. In the first place, he was interested in her story. Ah Ho, a letter from the agent at Hongkong had told him, was of Canton parents. Her father was an official of some dignity in a small town, and Ah Ho, he stated at some length, was very beautiful, for which reason the underground charged a big price for her importation. A dozen years before, when her father needed money in order to achieve a certain ambition, the girl had been disposed of to

a wealthy and aged Chicago Chinaman named Tai Sing, and after giving her an opportunity to grow up Tai Sing was now claiming her. A copy of a cable-message from Hongkong stated that she had sailed on the *Star of the Orient*, and still later advice assured Captain Kidd that she had arrived safely in Vancouver. After that she had been passed like a precious parcel along the underground. The head agent in Montreal had reported that Ah Ho was in that city. The latest despatch read, "Embarked in regular channel, Friday, 6 p.m." This was Friday. It was 5:30 p.m. If all had gone well, a signal of Ah Ho's presence would be shown among the sand-dunes within the next thirty minutes. Arousing himself from his listless contemplation of the shore, Captain Kidd swung down among his men. His strong, thin face was now lit up with eager anticipation. He bared his large teeth in a cheerful smile as he nodded to Stetson, the graybeard engineer. Stetson grinned joyfully, and hurried off to his engines. Billy, the boy coal-passer, followed him with the enthusiasm of the adventurer under twenty. There were two men left: old Grimmsey, the wheelman, whose boast was that he could walk his ship in and out of the corners of Lake Erie blindfolded, and Watts, the mate.

"We'll have to pull in pretty close to see the signal, Watts," announced the captain. "I think it'll come from the edge of the marshes."

He went with Grimmsey into the wheelhouse, and the electric bell down in the engine-room tinkled his orders to Stetson. Over the bow of the *Laura Spreck* he watched Pelee's rib-line of sand as it broadened out under his advance. The sun had now reached the water-rim. In its last glow the shore burned for a few minutes more brilliantly than before, and the wind-swept tops of the sand-dunes reflected the light, as though each were capped with a million infinitesimal mirrors.

In this interval, when half of the bay was losing itself in the gloom of evening, a carriage toiled slowly up over the backbone of the point and for a moment stood motionless on its crest, silhouetted in black against the glow of the western sky. Captain Kidd leaned out eagerly. He strained his eyes for a signal, and fingered word down to Stetson to stop the engines. As



"HALF A DOZEN HORSEMEN TORE OVER THE SAND-RIDGE"

he looked, three men sprang from the carriage, and he caught the glint of rifle barrels in their hands. They threw themselves upon their faces, and sent a fusillade of shots over the sand-ridge. In another instant the carriage was tearing down to the beach, and while the captain of the smuggler still leaned over the edge of the wheel-house and stared, his face tense, his breath coming quickly, the three men rose against the sky-line and raced after the horses.

Captain Kidd turned for the space in which one might flip an eyelash. That lightning glance assured him that toward the open lake the way was clear. When he turned again to the tragedy ashore, the carriage had come down to the edge of the water. It had plunged in to the hubs, and as the frightened horses reared in the surf a boat shot out toward the fugitives from the reeds of the marsh. Then again the sky-line was broken, this time by a horseman. Two of the three riflemen were waiting for him on bended knees, and even before the reports of their rifles sounded in Captain Kidd's ears the pursuer lurched from his saddle and fell upon the sand, where he lay a motionless blot. Two

female figures jumped from the carriage into the water, and waded out to meet the approaching boat. Close after them came the armed fugitives, and barely had they scrambled over the side of the craft when half a dozen horsemen tore over the sand-ridge.

Captain Kidd heaved a deep sigh as he faced Grimmsey. The hardness had gone out of his face. "A close shave," he breathed. "A damned close shave, Grimm!"

Five minutes later the boat ran alongside, and Captain Kidd recognized the chief matron of the underground in her bow. He had met this woman many times, and when he carried female passengers she always accompanied him. She called up to him now from the gloom gathering under the starboard bow.

"You'll have to take us all, Captain Kidd," she cried.

"Certainly, Miss Moore," replied the captain. "Come aboard, all of you. I'll land you gentlemen a few miles down the shore. Of course you understand that under ordinary circumstances I never allow a man on my deck—unless he's a passenger."

"A Chinaman, he means," explained

Captain Kidd of the Underground

the matron with emphasis. As she came over the side of the ship, she whispered low:

"They discovered our movements in Montreal, Captain. We didn't know it until the last moment, and then we thought we could beat them out. It will be surprising if we don't have a revenue cutter at our heels before long."

Somebody lifted up Ah Ho, and Captain Kidd leaned over to take her in his arms. He felt her warm breath against his rough cheek, as he hoisted her over the rail. He stared hard as he released her on deck, but a thin veil and the gloom of evening baffled his attempt to see her face. He was conscious that she had been like a feather in his arms, and that something had thrilled him for a moment as he held her. He had thought much about Ah Ho. As she slipped away beside the matron, he did not doubt but that she was beautiful, as the Hongkong agent had said. But the Hongkong agent was a half-breed, and spelled beauty in a different language from his. Anyway, he wanted to see Ah Ho.

"Watts, see 'em to the private room," he said to the mate, who stood near.

The matron laughed back shrilly from the gathering shadows amidships. "He needn't mind," she called; "I know the way."

The men from the boat had scrambled aboard. One of them introduced himself as the new Montreal subagent, and then presented his comrades.

Captain Kidd pointed to the rifles which they carried. "You may have to use them before morning," he suggested.

After a little he instructed Watts as to the course to be pursued by the *Laura Spreck*, and retired to his cabin. The matron had preceded him and sat at his table coolly sorting a number of papers. As he entered, she looked up and nodded smilingly. Over the captain's shoulder she caught a glimpse of the subagent's boyish face peering in inquiringly, and called out for him to enter.

"I want you to talk with Wilson, Captain," she begged. "Wilson and I are great chums, and I've promised that some day we'd tell him things about the lakes. He's almost a Chinaman. He's lived in Hongkong ever since he was so high." She measured to her knee.

With his big white teeth shining in the glow of the cabin-lamp Captain Kidd held

out a frank hand. "I'm going there some day, Mr. Wilson," he said. "I've always had a hankering to see both ends of the workings."

The woman shot the subagent a lightning glance from behind the captain's back. "Captain Kidd knows more about the underground on this side than any other man," she said sweetly. "There was McVeigh—but he's dead." Her eyes scintillated at the subagent. Suddenly she gave an hysterical little laugh, and when the captain turned in her direction her face was buried in her arms. "Ugh-h-h-h! That back there has shattered my nerves!" she moaned. When she looked up, her face was flushed instead of pale. "We had to kill a man—perhaps two," she said. "You must talk to me, Captain, or I'll go into hysterics. Tell me something, anything. Wilson wants to hear, too."

"Hear what?" grinned the captain.

"About the underground, of course!" blurted the subagent.

Captain Kidd leaned toward him. The smile left his face. His eyes shone harshly. "I never talk about that," he said. There was warning in his voice. He would have said more, but his ears caught the cry of a man outside, a cry which he recognized, and the meaning of which he read in the subagent's flinching eyes and pale cheeks. He wheeled upon the woman, and met her smiling at him over a pistol barrel.

"What do you mean—" he began.

"It means," the woman interrupted him, "—it means that I've grown tired of it all, Captain Kidd; that I've turned state's evidence to save myself; that—"

Captain Kidd turned his head slowly. The "subagent" had him covered from behind.

"It means," continued the woman, "that the fight on shore was a ruse; that the men out there are secret-service agents; that you're going to be extradited; and that your crew—"

"And Ah Ho?" he interrupted. He faced the woman, gripping the edges of the table fiercely. "What about Ah Ho?"

"Oh, she's all right," laughed the matron nervously. "She'll make splendid evidence, Captain. She thinks we're all her friends, poor thing, and that—"

The woman stopped. Captain Kidd had stretched out his arms to her, his face filled with the agony of his helplessness.

"Nell!" he cried, his voice pleading. "Nell, I didn't expect it of you! Oh, God, how I've loved you, Nell, and how I've wanted to tell you—a dozen times—a hundred times—but I've waited—waited—" In his despair he seemed to stagger as he approached her. The woman rose. She dropped her pistol upon the table, and her breath came in hurried gasps. "Nell! Nell! don't say you've turned traitor to me!" he pleaded. "Kill me, Nell, kill me—kill me—but don't—say—that!" He came nearer, until his hands touched the woman. Then, in an instant, she was in his arms. It was as if a vise of steel was crushing the life from her body. Over her shoulder Captain Kidd's face shone triumphantly at the secret-service man. The woman was a shield. For a moment he groped under his coat with one free hand. Then there came a flash of steel, a sharp report, and the white-faced man in front crumpled up with the venom of lead in his vitals.

"Love you!" hissed the captain in the woman's unhearing ears. "Love you, you she-fiend! I knew you would do this some day. I guessed it was coming!" His fingers gripped her throat for a moment; then he flung her insensible form to the floor, as a heavy knock sounded from without. Captain Kidd moved like a cat, silently, swiftly. In his day-dreams he had wondered if something like this would not happen, and long ago he had prepared for it. Before the knock was repeated he had snatched up a rug, disclosing a trap-door. In a moment the black exit lay open before him. He could hear men straining at the door, and there was an unpleasant smile in his eyes and something dazzlingly dangerous in the gleam of his strong teeth, as he paused for an instant, half crouched for the retreat. Hesitatingly he aimed at the middle panel of the door and fired twice. After that he slipped quickly through the hole into a passageway, and locked the trap-door behind him.

"Now, Chinkey," he spoke softly, "it's for you." He made his way through the passage, his right shoulder brushing against the inner timbers of the ship's hull, his left against the bulkhead. He was now walking with the vessel's deck just above his head, and by the steps he had taken he knew when he had reached the secret chamber containing Ah Ho. After a little

he found a bolt. This he drew back noiselessly. Imperceptibly at first he pushed in a door. A gleam of light caught his eye, and he stopped to listen. There was absolute silence. A twentieth of an inch, a tenth, a half, and then an inch, the aperture grew. He saw one wall of the room, the door, and finally Ah Ho. The girl was crouching in a listening attitude, her face turned toward the hold of the ship. Captain Kidd knew that she had heard the shots.

"Chinkey," he called in a low voice. "Chinkey!"

At the sound of his voice the girl's white face turned straight toward him. She uttered no sound, but terror was rooted in her big dark eyes. Those eyes puzzled Captain Kidd. He could not see her face distinctly, but the eyes fascinated him. He could not remember having seen a Chinese girl with eyes like Ah Ho's.

"Don't you be afraid, Chinkey," he said soothingly, thrusting his head and shoulders out into the room. "They think they've got us, but they ain't!" He pulled himself through, and sprang to the door. As he shot the bolt which secured it from the inside, he heard a distant crash. "That's the cabin-door, Chinkey," he cried. He ran to Ah Ho, and picked her up in his strong arms as if she had been a child. "We'll fool 'em yet, Chinkey, an' th' won't be nobody left to tell how we did it!"

As he carried her under the swinging lamp, Ah Ho's veil fell aside, and Captain Kidd caught a glimpse of her face. "The deuce, Chinkey! You are pretty, s'elp me, you are!" he exclaimed. He thrust her through the trap, and followed after. "It's darker'n seven devils, ain't it?" he asked. "Where's your hand, Chinkey?" He squeezed past her and groped under the cape of the long coat which the agents of the underground had furnished her, until her little trembling fingers lay gripped in his big palm; then he gently pulled the girl after him.

Back of him he heard voices echoing in the passageway. "They've found the trap!" he whispered. "God, what a chance to even up!" For a moment his blood burned with a desire to turn and, in the narrow passage, wreak vengeance upon those who had overcome him by treachery. He leveled his revolver over Ah Ho's head, and held it there, with

Ah Ho trembling close up against him, until he saw a streak of light at the other end.

"They're coming, Chinkey," he breathed. "Now we've got to hustle!"

He continued down the passage until his outstretched hand touched a wall. Beyond this he could hear the throbbing of the ship's engines. For a moment he listened to it, and for the sound of voices behind. "They think I'm layin' for 'em in the passage," he whispered joyfully. "They don't dare follow us, Chinkey!" He dropped Ah Ho's hand, and ran his fingers over the wall until they found a lock. Slowly he drew the bolt. Then with a sudden thrust of his shoulder he burst open the door, and his tense face stared out over his pistol barrel into the glare of the engine-room. Hopefully his eyes sought for Stetson and Billy. Both were gone, and in Stetson's place he saw one of the men who had come with the matron. There was promise of deadly accuracy in Captain Kidd's aim, and the revenue man threw up his arms without delay. The smuggler grinned approvingly as he came out, with Ah Ho close behind.

"Guess you'd better git out," he invited. "That's the best way." He nodded toward the passage. There was a dangerous glitter in the eyes behind the gun, and the officer obeyed. "Tell your friends I'm down here waitin' for 'em," said Captain Kidd as he slammed the door. In an instant he had whirled upon Ah Ho. "Quick—this way!" he cried. He caught her almost roughly, and half dragged her to a partly open door aft of the engines, through which he thrust her ahead of him. The girl stumbled and fell over a pile of litter, but her companion seemed not to have noticed the mishap. Ah Ho could hear him tugging at a heavy object, and soon she saw him roll something big and round out through the door. He came back like a shadow, and a second and a third object were rolled after the first. Then there came the crashing of an ax, the rattle of shattered glass, and a moment later utter darkness, as Captain Kidd sprang back and closed the door.

"It's done, Chinkey!" he cried, groping for her. "It's done!"

Ah Ho stretched up her hands, and Captain Kidd gathered her close in his

arms. "They've got all that's coming to 'em, now, Chinkey!" he continued excitedly. "Smell it, girl! D' ye smell it?" He sniffed the air, already impregnated with a biting, unpleasant odor. "They're carb'ys of acid, Chinkey! God, I figgered this was comin' some day!" He left her standing, and with the butt of his revolver hammered upon metal in the side of the hull. Soon he had driven back a number of hooks, and now swung open a port as large as one of the traps through which they had escaped.

"See the stars out there, Chinkey?" he whispered, making room for Ah Ho at his side. "Well, you 'n me'll soon be as free——"

At the head of the engine-room he could hear the excited shouts of men. But they came no nearer. Even Ah Ho knew why. Through the cracks of the cubby-room door the acid fumes were pouring stronger each moment. The girl coughed, and clutched Captain Kidd's arm. The light from outside shone upon her upturned face, and there the man read something of what was passing in her soul. He realized for the first time that this was all a great mystery to her, and that she could only guess at the significance of the shots ashore, the hurried flight to the vessel, and his actions now. But she trusted him. He could see that in her eyes. Her mouth was round and red, like a rose, Captain Kidd thought, even in that moment, and he saw it tremble as he looked down into her face.

"Chinkey, d'ye know, I'm beginning to have a deuced chummy feeling for you," he said. "You're a game little girl, if you are a Chink; and I swear I'll feel a bit rummy when I deliver you to that yellow-skinned old cuss who's buying you over there!" He stuck his head out of the port and looked up. The aft boat was swinging low in her davits. By hoisting himself partly through the opening, Captain Kidd reached an iron ring under the rail of the ship, and drew himself cautiously out until his free hand gripped the falls. For a few moments he listened, almost ceasing to breathe. Amidships he heard the crash of an ax and voices that came to him indistinctly. But the stern of the smuggler seemed deserted. Unlooping the falls, he held the ropes taut while he retreated through the port. Then, with arms and

shoulders out, he lowered the boat until it swung within a foot of the water.

"Chinkey!" he whispered.

He slipped the ropes under the swing of the port-door, and lifted Ah Ho through. As her feet touched the boat, he released his hold and climbed out himself. He half hung in the port-hole, listening for the explosion which he knew would come soon, until the fumes of the acid drove him down. Crouching beside Ah Ho, he loosed the falls, and the small boat plunged into the tumultuous trail of the ship, which dragged out behind like a molten river tossing in the face of the moon. A shout of triumph half rose in the throat of Captain Kidd, but when his lips parted it came only in a throttled, inarticulate cry. He leaned out until the crests of the waves swept their spray into his eyes. His lean, white face was alight with a passion as hard as the glint of the pistol barrel which reached out toward the *Laura Spreck*. The ship was dissolving into a shadow, and before it disappeared Captain Kidd longed to let those upon it know that he had beaten them. He thought of the woman who had betrayed him, and the desire became almost overwhelming. For a moment he hesitated, and in that moment he fancied he heard a rumbling from where the lights were slipping away into the gloom of the night. When he was sure of it, he sprang up tall and gaunt between Ah Ho and the moon, and tossed his long arms over his head with a far-reaching cry of joy. Then he sat down, and Ah Ho crept to him and remained unnoticed for a time, crumpled in a little trembling heap at his feet. When the man turned from his lost ship, she was staring straight up at him.

"Didn't you hear it, Chinkey?" he asked. He leaned over and tilted the girl's face up by placing his forefinger under her chin, much as if she had been a child. "Didn't you hear it, Chinkey? That was the acid gettin' next to the boiler fires! You'll soon see it. Look!" He stretched out an arm, and Ah Ho drew herself up beside his knee to get the direction. "Mebby you've never seen anything like what's going to happen," he spoke reassuringly, "but don't get scared. They'll get off all right, because there's two rafts and another boat on board." An understanding came to her that something was going to happen somewhere out in the gloom

that shut out the vastness of the lake, and she watched for it with the tragic earnestness of the man.

"It's coming—soon!" whispered the man. His words were tremulous with excitement. "It's coming, Chinkey."

A mile away a tiny red streak seemed to split the blackness. Ah Ho felt him twitch as though he had been stung. She turned her face to him instinctively, and when she looked back the red streak had grown into a lurid glare with twisting flashes of flame shooting skyward. And as those flames grew higher and higher and the glare spread until half the lake seemed lit up by it, she snuggled up close to Captain Kidd in her wonderment and terror, and the captain, opening both arms, held her so close that when all was over and only a dull glow lasted in the distance, Ah Ho was almost breathless from the embrace.

"She's gone, Chinkey," he said. For many minutes he remained silent, until even the glow was out of the sky; then he set Ah Ho down in the bottom of the boat and leaned over until his face was very near her own. "I'm going, too, Chinkey," he continued. "I've got to. Everybody'll know who Captain Kidd is now, 'n' there's fifty years o' bars waiting for me if I go back there!" He swept an arm toward the American shore. "I'll miss the old ship like the devil, but I don't know but I'll miss you more, Chinkey."

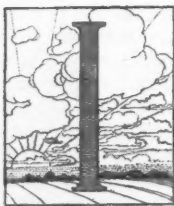
Suddenly he reached out and took Ah Ho's face in both of his hands. "Listen, Chinkey!" he cried. "In the sand over there on the point I've buried all I ever made—and it's a plenty. The sand was safer'n banks, mind you, seeing as I was Cap'n Kidd, and I'm going for it—now! And when I get it I'm going to take you to a place away off there—so far up that it's cold most all the year round, and then—and then, Chinkey—"

He drew the girl's face so close to his own that his lips touched it. "And then I'm going to teach you American, 'n' you're going to teach me Chink, an' between us I'm going to find out darned soon how bad you hate that yellow-hided cuss who bought you. An' I reckon, Chinkey, that I've got enough to pay your family's debt."

With a cheery heigh-ho, Captain Kidd unlocked the boat's oars, turned his broad back upon Ah Ho, and struck out for the sand-dunes of Point Pelee.

A Masterly Insult

By Elliott Flower



IT sometimes happens that a man disobeys instructions and is thereafter commended for his wisdom by his employer. It may be that the employer was misinformed as to conditions, or that there has been an unexpected change in the situation, or that, being no more infallible than any other mortal, he himself has made an error, and it thereupon becomes the duty of the employee to act with discretion and demonstrate that he has a brain of his own.

Thus Dick Whitlow reasoned, but it was soon made clear to him that he was entirely wrong. Being instructed to prepare the copy for certain advertisements, of which a rough outline was given him, he had discovered some errors in the prices quoted; and, having demonstrated the erroneous nature of these prices by reference to the office price-list, there being no one to whom he could appeal at the moment and time being short, he had thoughtfully corrected them. The result was that Grissman & Company paid for considerable advertising that was of no great value. True, the exploiting of the firm name did some good, but the fact that they were putting a certain line of cigars on the market at a new and marvelously low price did not appear at all.

Grissman explained this to Whitlow with much emphasis and sarcasm. He made it quite clear that the main reason for taking so much space was to exploit the new prices, and that the general announcement that they were in the tobacco business and handling other brands at the usual prices was intended to be only an incidental feature of the big card. Whitlow pleaded in extenuation that the prices given to him bore every evidence of having been hastily scribbled on a scratch-pad, and that he was justified in believing a mistake had been made when he discovered that certain of

them did not correspond with the office price-list.

As a matter of fact, Grissman was largely at fault in not making his purpose clear to his subordinate, but it is not always easy or wise for an employee to make a thing of this sort clear to his employer. In this case it was not. Grissman had supplied the correct figures. In the hurry of the moment, there being other matters awaiting his attention, he had taken too much for granted, but he had supplied the correct figures, and Whitlow had changed them. Young men, he maintained, were getting so smart that they could not obey orders: they knew too much; they couldn't get a thing right when they had a diagram of it in front of them; they all wanted to be bosses.

"What I'm looking for," he declared, "is a man who will let me be the boss of my own business, but it's hard to find one. Every young whipper-snapper these days is so impressed with the idea of using his own head that he thinks there's no other head worth having. I just want to find one man who'll obey orders."

Whitlow was very sorry. He was also very mad, but he did not mention that. If he had understood the purpose—

"That's it!" broke in Grissman. "Even the office-boys want reasons these days. It isn't enough to tell one of them you're going out for an hour or so; you've got to tell him where you're going and why, or else he'll use his head and spread the report that you've started for Europe. Why can't you let me do my own thinking?"

"I'll try to, sir, after this," replied Whitlow, with outward meekness and inward indignation.

"You bet you will!" exclaimed Grissman. "I've got a job for you that won't give you any chance to use that marvelous head of yours. Now, see if you can get this straight."

Whitlow made no reply; he was considering the advisability of resigning.

"Baxter will turn over to you some thousands of sample packages of that new brand of straight-cut that we are putting out," Grissman went on with aggravating deliberation and emphasis. "It is all neatly boxed, with about a pipeful to each box. I want those addressed and sent out."

Whitlow decided that he would resign.

"In order that there may be no misunderstanding," continued Grissman sarcastically, "I will explain to you now that, in addition to the tobacco, there is in each box one of these little cards."

Whitlow was sure that he would resign, but his curiosity impelled him to glance at the card. It was a neat little affair, bearing the compliments of Grissman & Company and the following advice:

"Put this in your pipe and smoke it. We are sending it to you because we know you to be a good judge of tobacco."

"These samples, with the enclosed cards," Grissman explained with great care, "are to go to club members all over the country; but there is still no chance for you to make an error of judgment, for the lists have been ordered from the Gibbs Addressing Company. You will go to the offices of the company, ask for Mr. Gibbs, and tell him that you want the club membership-lists that I ordered; then you will retire to your office and proceed to send these samples off. I think it will take you a week or two, during which time you will have ample opportunity to reflect upon the folly of knowing too much."

Whitlow had the caustic terms of his resignation formulated in his mind, and was now prepared to start a flow of burning words that would make his position and his views wholly clear.

"You may ask Miss Sanders to help you," Grissman added, before the young man could get his verbal battery in action. "She is relieved of other duties and assigned to this for the present. It would take too long for you to do it alone."

Whitlow decided that he would not resign just yet. Miss Bessie Sanders was a charming girl, with whom it would be a decided pleasure to be associated for a week or longer in almost any occupation, and there were reasons why this association would be especially pleasing at this time. Wherefore the resignation could wait. A man could resign at any time, but he could expect to

have a week alone with Miss Bessie Sanders in a cubby-hole of an office only once in a lifetime.

Whitlow whispered to Miss Sanders when he went out. "I'm to have you for a week or ten days," he said.

It was rather surprising information for a girl to get from a young man. Miss Sanders seemed startled. "Who said so?" she demanded.

"Oh, if you're going to be cross about it," he returned resentfully, "I'll go back and resign. Getting you was the only thing that stopped me."

This was both surprising and mystifying. She intimated, with some dignity, that it was her first experience in being a gift, and then she intimated, with less dignity, that she would like to know what it was all about.

"Come into my office," he said, "and I'll tell you. It will have to be your office, too, until further notice."

Once in the office, which was a small partitioned space at the end of a row of similar cubby-holes, he told her what had happened. "I intended to resign on the spot," he explained in conclusion, "but I decided to let the resignation wait until our joint task is finished."

"Why?" she asked.

"If you don't know," he returned reproachfully, "I'm sorry I waited."

She shifted very quickly to a consideration of the fact that he had been treated shamefully, from which it may be inferred that her curiosity was satisfied by his ambiguous reply. At any rate, she became both indignant and sympathetic over the injustice of blaming him for what he had done with such excellent intentions, and she was particularly provoked that he should be insulted by being assigned to such trivial work as addressing sample packages of tobacco.

"How about you?" he inquired.

"Oh, that's all I'm good for," she replied.

"I think not," he returned, with such emphasis that she changed the subject again. She was not sure that she liked to have him speak with such deep personal significance on every possible occasion, but neither was she sure she did not like it. She had not been sure, either way, for a considerable time, during which period Whitlow had been at some pains to see a good deal of her out of office hours.

She was sure, however, that Whitlow had been treated with scandalous injustice by

A Masterly Insult

Grissman, and there seemed to be no reason of maidenly modesty why she should not give her feeling toward Grissman full vent. She did so when Whitlow left to get the lists of names, and succeeded in working up a delightfully complex feeling of sympathy for the one and indignation for the other. Incidentally she transferred pens, ink, and her own particular chair from her desk to Whitlow's office, and arranged them so that she would sit opposite to him at his flat-top desk. They were going to be rather crowded, for room and desk were small, but no other arrangement was possible.

Whitlow did not seem to be in any great need of sympathy when he returned; on the contrary, while still bitter toward Grissman, he seemed to be quite reconciled to the situation.

"I'm going to like this job," he remarked cheerfully, as he seated himself on his side of the desk. "I don't like the way it was given to me, but the partnership is fine."

"He's a brute!" she declared.

"Glad you think so," he returned, and she was immediately conscious of the fact that she had spoken with unnecessary earnestness. However, he now turned his attention to some printed slips which he had spread out on the desk. "Thunder!" he ejaculated, as he glanced at the first one.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

He made no answer, but turned from one to another of the slips in a puzzled way; then his face brightened, and he laughed. "That's good," he said to himself rather than to her, after which he laughed more heartily.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"That's great," he commented, still referring to the slips; then to her, "Of course you understand that I am to follow instructions."

"Of course," she agreed.

"Unquestioningly."

"I imagine he made that clear."

"Well, what do you think of that?" he asked, handing her one of the lists.

"Oh, mercy!" she cried, the moment her eyes rested on it.

"I've got to obey orders, haven't I?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered slowly, and a moment later, her eyes beginning to sparkle: "Why, certainly. What else can you do?"

"Well, let's get to work," he said briskly. She felt instinctively that retribution for

Grissman was at hand, but the situation was so amazing that she could not grasp all the details and possibilities at once. She pondered as she worked, and slowly the affair grew to awesome proportions. When she spoke again it was in almost a whisper, as one may in the presence of an unseen power that has silently taken control of events and is working its will in a marvelous way.

"We're sending," she said, with the hesitation of one who has stumbled upon an unbelievable truth, "we're sending samples of smoking-tobacco to women and girls."

"We are," Whitlow agreed cheerfully.

"We're asking them to try it," she went on doubtfully.

"Put this in your pipe and smoke it," he quoted.

"We're referring to them as good judges of tobacco," she persisted.

"What do you think they will say?" he asked.

She shook her head solemnly, but went at her work of addressing samples with renewed energy; and presently, having gained familiarity with the surprising possibilities, the feeling of awe gave way to one of amusement and satisfaction.

"How did it happen?" she inquired finally.

"I can only guess," he answered, "and I guess Grissman didn't make it entirely clear what kind of club membership-lists he wanted. I guess he was as careless with Gibbs in this matter as he was with me in the matter of the advertising. Anyhow, it seems to be a safe bet that he has been furnished with the membership-lists of about all the women's clubs in the country."

"Won't the women be mad, though!" she exclaimed.

"That's what I think," he returned, "but Grissman doesn't want a man to think."

"They'll see a horrible insult in it," she suggested.

"That's the way it looks to me," he said, "but Grissman is looking for a man who follows instructions. And he's got one now."

"It's splendid!" she declared. "I didn't suppose anything could happen so beautifully except in a book."

They worked in silence for a time, each occupied with thoughts that were occasionally amusing enough to justify a smile or a chuckle. The possibilities grew greater and more complicated as they reviewed the situation, and they were able to imagine many

diverting scenes arising from this wholesale insult to the sex.

"We've got to hustle," he urged. "We want to get as many as these off as possible before the explosion comes."

That started her thoughts in a different channel. What would the "explosion" be like? She mentioned her curiosity to him.

"Fireworks," he replied, "and sky-rockets and Roman candles and bombs and bad language! But it won't touch you. You were simply told to help me, and you're doing it."

"I was thinking of you," she said.

"Glad to hear it," he r turned promptly, whereat she colored. "But you needn't worry about me," he added. "I was going to quit, anyhow, as soon as this job was done—unless he gave me another one with you. This only makes it more certain."

"Perhaps it isn't wise," she suggested.

"Well, in one way it isn't pleasant," he conceded. "I don't like to leave you here. Why can't you go with me?"

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't you?" he retorted.

"Because it would be silly," she replied, which jarred him into rueful silence.

Nevertheless he returned to that point at intervals during the next three days. He spoke lightly, yet half seriously, and back of it all there was always a suggestion of a desire to be serious. He seemed to be asking, "Why don't you give me a little encouragement?" but she persisted in either misunderstanding his indirect appeals or regarding them as silly. Being a woman, she certainly knew what he wanted to say, but she would not let him say it plainly. It developed into a sparring match for points, and she got the points.

"Can't you imagine any circumstances under which you would quit?" he asked insinuatingly on one occasion.

"Why, yes," she answered frankly.

There seemed to be no hope here. Just a coy refusal to explain more fully would make him hopeful enough to proceed.

"What are they?" he asked eagerly.

"If I should be discharged," she replied.

Yes, she got all the points. He felt as if some one had upset a pitcher of ice-water on him, but he tried not to show it.

"Nothing else?" he persisted.

"I don't think of anything," she returned.

Yet, when he kept away from this troublesome subject, she was truly delightful and

considerate in every way, which only served to lure him the more certainly back to the one troublesome subject. She was sympathetic and vivacious, and as deeply and humorously interested in the affair of the samples as he was. There was plenty in that to keep them from ennui, too. No one could tell when the explosion would come or what form it would take. They watched the newspapers closely, they were alert when strangers called at the office, and they held themselves in readiness for trouble after every mail delivery. It was Whitlow's idea that the story would creep into the men's clubs as a joke first, after which the newspapers would extract some humor from it, and then the women, finding how generally and deliberately they had been offered a pipeful of tobacco, would let their indignation loose; but there was no certainty that it would happen in this way.

"All that's sure," Whitlow told Miss Sanders, "is that some thousands of women—club-women—can't get these unkindly insinuations without some of them getting mad about it, and trouble is going to come fast when it starts."

He was right, and it started on the third day. The first intimation of it came when a delegation of women called to see Mr. Grissman. This indicated a sudden attack of wholly unexpected proportions, and Whitlow gasped as he saw the delegation ushered into Grissman's room. Then he slipped out and sought information from an office-boy.

"Dunno wot's eatin' 'em," said the boy, "but they're pipin' hot! I bet they scalp the boss. Who is it? W'y, it's a bunch from some women's club. I fergit the name."

Whitlow slipped back into his office and reached for his coat and hat.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Sanders.

"I don't think I'll wait to be discharged," he said.

He lingered a moment undecidedly, while she calmly went on with her work. No possible blame could attach to her, and both of them knew it. Still he lingered, as if he would say something that he dared not. A great deal depended upon her at that moment, but she seemed to be wholly unconscious of it.

"No use giving him the satisfaction of kicking me out," he said, which wasn't at all what he wanted to say.

"I suppose not," she returned, still busy with her pen.

He sighed and turned to the door. "I suppose I can still see you occasionally," he remarked.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in surprise, "are you going without me?"

He turned back so quickly that he caught the tantalizing smile and the invitation in her eyes. "Will you, Bessie?" he cried, and he evidently read her answer, for he added quickly, "Get your things."

Two minutes later they were gone, and two minutes after that an office-boy looked into the deserted room. After the manner of his kind, he expressed no surprise, but sauntered back to Grissman's office.

Grissman was in a perturbed state of mind. He was facing five ladies who seemed to be very indignant about something, and he was assuring them that it was the most amazing and unaccountable thing that had ever been brought to his attention.

"Ain't there," announced the boy, at which the ladies exchanged significant glances.

"Not there!" repeated Grissman. "That's most extraordinary."

"It is," agreed one of the ladies sarcastically.

"Then ask Miss Sanders to come here," said Grissman to the boy.

"She ain't there, either," returned the boy, whereat the ladies again exchanged significant glances.

Grissman thereupon offered the ladies a varied assortment of apologies, none of which they were disposed to accept. On the contrary, the head of the delegation informed him that the ladies of the Emerson Club, of which they were members, had passed scathing resolutions of censure, and that these resolutions had been given to the press.

"To the press!" gasped Grissman.

"Yes, sir, to the press," she repeated. "It may be good business to put this indignity upon womankind in general, but it shows an appalling lack of consideration and respect for the sex, and we intend to make it clear to you that it's no joke."

"I—I never thought it was," pleaded Grissman.

"How would you like to have your wife and daughter appealed to as good judges of tobacco—pipe-tobacco, at that?" she persisted.

"Think of the Emerson Club being asked

to try a certain brand of the nasty stuff!" added another of the delegation.

"It's horrible!" put in a third. "There's that sweet little Mrs. Grandin—a bride—who was told to put this in her pipe and smoke it! She asked me with tears in her eyes how she was ever going to explain it to her husband."

"It humiliates the club," still another declared. "My husband was brutal enough to laugh."

"It's shameful, positively shameful, ladies!" Grissman assured them with nervous energy. "I am sorry the man who is responsible for this disgraceful thing is not here. I would discharge him on the spot in your presence."

"And hire him back again when we're gone!" was the scornful retort.

There was no appeasing them, and Grissman was finally left with the consciousness that there was no escape from the penalty of this dreadful affair. He hurried to Whitlow's office, but Whitlow was still absent, and no one knew where he was.

"I want to see him the moment he comes in," said Grissman excitedly. "He needn't bother to take off his coat." Grissman was very warm, physically and mentally; he mopped his face with his handkerchief, and he muttered much to himself. He also inquired at intervals of about five minutes whether Whitlow had returned.

The afternoon papers made the matter worse. They all had the story. Some of them treated it humorously, and some of them were harsh in their condemnation of such a brutal indignity. The first that Grissman saw had this in big head-lines, **DEBUTANTES ASKED TO SMOKE UP!** And Whitlow did not come back. The discharge of Whitlow, with appropriate verbal pyrotechnics, was the only consolation left him, and Whitlow merely sent in his resignation by mail. There also were protests in the mail, and other women's clubs were following the example of the one named after the illustrious Emerson. They were of all kinds—social, philosophic, and philanthropic. Even Grissman, in his great perturbation, had to smile when the Psyche Club protested that the judgment of tobacco was wholly out of its line.

It was almost a week before he dared go to his club. The news and the samples had circulated far and wide, and every day brought reports of further action of one sort

or another. Many who had given the matter no thought at first followed in the wake of those who had taken up the subject immediately; every newspaper humorist had his little joke, and nearly every club-woman her little speech. So Grissman thought it a good time to avoid his acquaintances.

But he was finally given courage to seek them out by two or three extraordinary incidents. A business acquaintance casually remarked that he was sorry the new brand was not a cigar instead of pipe-tobacco. "I never smoke a pipe," he said, "but I have been mightily tempted to begin, just to show my appreciation of a good thing." Then a retail dealer commended the sagacity and enterprise of the firm. "That's the greatest ever!" was his comment. "Everybody's talking about it." Grissman already knew that, but the man's tone indicated genuine enthusiasm. And one morning the manager of the sales department informed him that there was "an awful run on that new brand." So Grissman decided at last that he could brave the jeers of his club associates.

The first man he met, upon entering, extended his congratulations; it was, he said, the cleverest thing that had been sprung in the business world in a decade. "You've waked up the whole country," he declared.

"I should think I had!" retorted Grissman; "and they're howling mad."

"Who?"

"The women."

The club-man laughed. "What do you care?" he demanded. "The women don't smoke."

That was a new point of view, and it began to impress Grissman that he heard the new brand mentioned on every side. He never had put out anything else that attained such instant notoriety, if not popularity, and some of the men hastened to inform him that they were showing their appreciation by smoking the tobacco.

"That was a glorious idea of yours," said one.

"It wasn't my idea," protested Grissman.

"What!" was the astonished reply.

"Well, I hope you did something handsome for the man that turned it up."

"He's quit," said Grissman.

"Quit! You let him quit?" The man seemed to find it incredible. "Lack of

appreciation, I suppose. There must have been a dozen trying to get him."

Here was still another point of view. Whitlow, the disgraced and reprimanded, had done a big thing to prove his worth, and an outsider, possibly a rival, had been the first to recognize its cleverness.

Grissman walked back to the office in deep thought, and then made specific inquiry as to the new brand.

"A million dollars' worth of advertising couldn't have started it better," his manager told him.

Grissman was beginning to hate himself for a short-sighted fool. "Do you know what's become of Whitlow?" he asked.

"I understand he's gone to work for Dempster."

Grissman scowled. Dempster was the head of a rival house, and he was always reaching out after good men. Grissman started for his private office, paused, and turned back.

"Is Miss Sanders there, too?" he inquired.

"She's Mrs. Whitlow now," answered the manager.

Here was confirmation of everything. Whitlow had married on the strength of his improved position and prospects; he probably had been waiting for the opportunity, and Dempster had given it to him.

"He ought not to have left in that way," Grissman complained. "If he wanted more money, he should have come to me." There was much unconscious humor in this, but Grissman was too absorbed to think of humor. "I wonder what kind of an offer Dempster made him," he went on thoughtfully. "It must have been a pretty stiff one." As a matter of fact, Whitlow was working for less than before, and wondering how soon he would be able to get back to the old figure, but the things we don't know are constantly changing history. "Anyhow," Grissman concluded, "we can't let Dempster have him. You can get word to him, I suppose?"

"Easily," returned the manager.

"He'll come high, of course," reflected Grissman, "but we can't afford to lose an advertising genius. Offer him double his former salary to come back. If that isn't enough, add to it until you get him."

Then he retired to his private office, closed the door, and devoted an hour to wondering how he could have been so blind.

"Holding Her Down"

More Reminiscences of the Underworld

By Jack London

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Under the general title of "My Life in the Underworld," these autobiographical articles from Mr. London's virile pen describe the most exciting incidents of his early life.



BARRING accidents, a good hobo, with youth and agility, can hold a train down despite all the efforts of the train-crew to "ditch" him—given, of course, nighttime as an essential condition. When such a hobo, under such conditions, makes up his mind that he is going to hold her down, either he does hold her down or chance trips him up. There is no legitimate way, short of murder, whereby the train-crew can ditch him. That train-crews have not stopped short of murder is a current belief in the tramp world. Not having had that particular experience in my tramp days, I cannot vouch for it personally.

But this I have heard of the bad roads. When a tramp has "gone underneath," on the rods, and the train is in motion, there is apparently no way of dislodging him until the train stops. The tramp, snugly ensconced inside the truck, with the four wheels and all the framework around him, has the "cinch" on the crew—or so he thinks, until some day he rides the rods on a bad road. A "bad" road is usually one on which a short time previously one or several trainmen have been killed by tramps. Heaven pity the tramp who is caught "underneath" on such a road—for caught he is, though the train be going sixty miles an hour.

The "shack" (brakeman) takes a steel coupling-pin and a length of bell-cord to the platform in front of the truck in which the tramp is riding. He fastens the coupling-pin to the bell-cord, drops it down between the platforms, and pays out the cord. The

coupling-pin strikes the ties between the rails, rebounds against the bottom of the car, and again strikes the ties. The shack plays it back and forth, now to one side, now to the other, lets it out a bit and hauls it in a bit, giving his weapon opportunity for every variety of impact and rebound. Every blow of that flying coupling-pin is freighted with death, and at sixty miles an hour it beats a veritable tattoo of death. The next day the remains of that tramp are gathered up along the right of way, and a line in the local paper mentions the unknown man, undoubtedly a tramp, assumably drunk, who had probably fallen asleep on the track.

As a characteristic illustration of how a capable hobo can hold her down, I am minded to give the following experience:

I was in Ottawa, bound west over the Canadian Pacific. Three thousand miles of that road stretched before me, it was the fall of the year, and I had to cross Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains. I could expect "crimpy" weather, and every moment of delay increased the frigid hardships of the journey. Furthermore, I was disgusted. The distance between Montreal and Ottawa is one hundred and twenty miles. I ought to know, for I had just come over it, and it had taken me six days. By mistake I had missed the main line and come over a small "jerk" with only two locals a day on it. And during those six days I had lived on dry crusts, and not enough of them, begged from the French peasants.

Furthermore, my disgust had been heightened by the one day I had spent in Ottawa trying to get an outfit of clothing for my long journey. Let me put it on record right here that Ottawa, with one exception, is the

hardest town in the United States and Canada to beg clothes in; the one exception is Washington, D. C. The latter fair city is the limit. I spent two weeks there trying to beg a pair of shoes, and then had to go to Jersey City before I got them.

But to return to Ottawa. At eight sharp in the morning I started out after clothes. I worked energetically all day. I swear I walked forty miles. I interviewed the housewives of a thousand homes. I did not even knock off work for dinner. And at six in the afternoon, after ten hours of unremitting and depressing toil, I was still shy one shirt, while the pair of trousers I had managed to acquire was tight and was showing all the signs of an early disintegration.

At six I quit work and headed for the railroad-yards, expecting to pick up something to eat on the way. But my hard luck was still with me. I was refused food at house after house. Then I got a "hand-out." My spirits soared, for it was the largest hand-out I had ever seen in a long and varied experience. It was a parcel wrapped in newspapers and as big as a mature suit-case. I hurried to a vacant lot and opened it. First I saw cake, then more cake, all kinds and makes of cake, and then some. It was all cake. No bread and butter with thick firm slices of meat between—nothing but cake; and of all things I abhorred cake most! In another age and clime they sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept. And in a vacant lot in Canada's proud capital, I, too, sat down and wept—over a mountain of cake. As one looks upon the face of his dead son, so looked I upon that multitudinous pastry. I suppose I was an ungrateful tramp, for I refused to partake of the bounteousness of the house that had had a party the night before. Evidently the guests hadn't liked cake, either.

That cake marked the crisis in my fortunes. Than it nothing could be worse; therefore things must begin to mend. And they did. At the very next house I was given a "set-down." Now a "set-down" is the height of bliss. One is taken inside, very often is given a chance to wash, and is then "set down" at a table. Tramps love to throw their legs under a table. The house was large and comfortable, in the midst of spacious grounds and fine trees, and sat well back from the street. They had just finished eating, and I was taken

right into the dining-room—in itself a most unusual happening, for the tramp who is lucky enough to win a set-down usually receives it in the kitchen. A grizzle-haired and gracious Englishman, his matronly wife, and a beautiful young Frenchwoman talked with me while I ate.

I wonder if that beautiful young Frenchwoman would remember, at this late day, the laugh I gave her when I uttered the barbaric phrase, "two bits." You see, I was trying delicately to hit them for a "light-piece." That was how the sum of money came to be mentioned. "What?" she said. "Two bits," said I. Her mouth was twitching as she again said, "What?" "Two bits," said I. Whereat she burst into laughter. "Won't you repeat it?" she said, when she had regained control of herself. "Two bits," said I. And once more she rippled into uncontrollable silvery laughter. "I beg your pardon," said she; "but what—what was it you said?" "Two bits," said I. "Is there anything wrong about it?" "Not that I know of," she gurgled between gasps; "but what does it mean?" I explained; but I do not remember now whether or not I got that two bits out of her; but I have often wondered as to which of us was the provincial.

When I arrived at the station I found, much to my disgust, a bunch of at least twenty tramps that were waiting to ride out the blind baggages of the overland. Now, two or three tramps on the blind baggage are all right. They are inconspicuous. But a score! That meant trouble. No train-crew would ever let all of us ride.

I may as well explain here what a "blind baggage" is. Some mail-cars are built without doors in the ends; hence such a car is "blind." The mail-cars that possess end doors have those doors always locked. Suppose, after the train has started, that a tramp gets onto the platform of one of these blind cars. There is no door, or the door is locked. No conductor or brakeman can get to him to collect fare or throw him off. It is clear that the tramp is safe until the next time the train stops. Then he must get off, run ahead in the darkness, and when the train pulls by jump onto the blind again. But there are ways and ways, as you shall see.

When the train pulled out, those twenty tramps swarmed upon the three blinds. Some climbed on before the train had run a

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car's length. They were awkward dubs, and I saw their speedy finish. Of course the train-crew was "on," and at the first stop the trouble began. I jumped off and ran forward along the track. I noticed that I was accompanied by a number of the tramps. They evidently knew their business. When one is beating an overland, he must always keep well ahead of the train at the stops. I ran ahead, and as I ran, one by one those that accompanied me dropped out. This dropping out was the measure of their skill and nerve in boarding a train.

For this is the way it works. When the train starts, the shack rides out the blind. There is no way for him to get back into the train proper except by jumping off the blind and catching a platform where the car-ends are not "blind." When the train is going as fast as the shack cares to risk, he jumps off the blind, lets several cars go by and gets onto the train. So it is up to the tramp to run so far ahead that before the blind is opposite him the shack will have already vacated it.

I dropped the last tramp about fifty feet, and waited. The train started. I saw the lantern of the shack on the first blind; he was riding her out. And I saw the dubs stand forlornly by the track as the blind went by. They made no attempt to get on. They were beaten by their own inefficiency at the very start. After them, in the line-up, came the tramps that knew a little something about the game. They let the first blind, occupied by the shack, go by, and jumped on the second and third blinds. Of course the shack jumped off the first and onto the second as it went by, and scrambled around there, throwing off the men who had boarded it. But the point is that I was so far ahead that when the first blind came opposite me, the shack had already left it and was tangled up with the tramps on the second blind. A half-dozen of the more skillful tramps, who had run far enough ahead, made for the first blind, too.

At the next stop, as we ran forward along the track, I counted but fifteen of us. Five had been ditched. The weeding-out process had begun nobly, and it continued station by station. Now we were fourteen, now twelve, now eleven, now nine, now eight. It reminded me of the ten little niggers of the nursery rhyme. I was resolved that I should be the last little nigger of all. And why not? Was I not blessed

with strength, agility, and youth? (I was eighteen, and in perfect condition.) And didn't I have my "nerve" with me? And furthermore, was I not a tramp royal? Were not these other tramps mere dubs and "gay-cats" and amateurs alongside of me? If I weren't the last little nigger, I might as well quit the game and get a job on an alfalfa-farm somewhere.

By the time our number had been reduced to four the whole train-crew had become interested. From then on it was a contest of skill and wits, with the odds in favor of the crew. One by one the three other survivors turned up missing, until I alone remained. My, but I was proud of myself! No Cræsus was ever prouder of his first million. I was holding her down in spite of two brakemen, a conductor, a fireman, and an engineer.

And here are a few samples of the way I held her down. Out ahead, in the darkness—so far ahead that the shack riding out the blind must perforce get off before it reaches me—I get on. Very well; I am good for another station. When that station is reached, I again dart ahead to repeat the maneuver. The train pulls out. I watch her coming. There is no light of a lantern on the blind. Has the crew abandoned the fight? I do not know. One never knows, and one must be prepared every moment for anything. As the first blind comes opposite me, and I run to leap aboard, I strain my eyes to see if the shack is on the platform. For all I know he may be there, with his lantern doused, and even as I spring upon the steps that lantern may smash down upon my head. I ought to know. I have been hit by lanterns two or three times.

But no, the first blind is empty. The train is gathering speed. I am safe for another station. But am I? I feel the train slacken speed. On the instant I am alert. A maneuver is being executed against me, and I do not know what it is. I try to watch on both sides at once, not forgetting to keep track of the tender in front of me. From any one, or all, of these three directions, I may be assailed.

Ah! there it comes. The shack has ridden out the engine. My first warning is when his feet strike the steps of the right-hand side of the blind. Like a flash I am off the blind to the left and running ahead past the engine. I lose myself in the darkness. The situation is where it has been

ever since the train left Ottawa. I am ahead, and the train must come past me if it is to proceed on its journey. I have as good a chance as ever for boarding her.

I watch carefully. I see a lantern come forward to the engine and I do not see it go back. It must therefore be still on the engine, and it is a fair assumption that attached to the handle of that lantern is a shack. That shack is lazy, or he would have put out his lantern instead of trying to shield it as he came forward. The train pulls out. The first blind is empty, and I gain it. As before, the train slackens, the shack from the engine boards the blind from one side, and I go off the other side and run forward.

As I wait in the darkness I am conscious of a big thrill of pride. The overland has stopped twice for me—for me, a poor hobo on the bum. I alone have twice stopped the overland with its many passengers and coaches, its government mail, and its two thousand steam horses straining in the engine. And I weigh only one hundred and sixty pounds, and I haven't a five-cent piece in my pocket!

Again I see the lantern come forward to the engine. But this time it comes conspicuously—a bit too conspicuously to suit me, and I wonder what is up. At any rate, I have something more to be afraid of than the shack on the engine. The train pulls by. Just in time, before I make my spring, I see the dark form of a shack, without a lantern, on the first blind. I let it go by, and prepare to board the second blind. But the shack on the first blind has jumped off and is at my heels. Also, I have a fleeting glimpse of the lantern of the shack who rode out the engine. He has jumped off, and now both shacks are on the ground on the same side with me. The next moment the second blind comes by and I am aboard it. But I do not linger. I have figured out my countermove. As I dash across the platform, I hear the impact of the shack's feet against the steps as he boards. I jump off the other side and run forward with the train. My plan is to run forward and get on the first blind. It is nip and tuck, for the train is gathering speed. Also, the shack is behind me and running after me. I guess I am the better sprinter, for I make the first blind. I stand on the steps and watch my pursuer. He is only about ten feet back and running hard; but now the train has approximated his own speed, and, relative to me, he is standing still. I en-

courage him, hold out my hand to him; but he explodes in a mighty oath, gives up, and makes the train several cars back.

The train is speeding along, and I am still chuckling to myself, when, without warning, a spray of water strikes me. The fireman is playing the hose on me from the engine. I step forward from the car-platform to the rear of the tender, where I am sheltered under the overhang. The water flies harmlessly over my head. My fingers itch to climb up on the tender and lam that fireman with a chunk of coal; but I know if I do that I'll be massacred by him and the engineer, and I refrain.

At the next stop I am off and ahead in the darkness. This time, when the train pulls out, both shacks are on the first blind. I divine their game. They have blocked the repetition of my previous play. I cannot again take the second blind, cross over, and run forward to the first. As soon as the first blind passes and I do not get on, they swing off, one on each side of the train. I board the second blind, and as I do so I know that a moment later, simultaneously, those two shacks will arrive on both sides of me. It is like a trap. Both ways are blocked. Yet there is another way out, and that way is up.

So I do not wait for my pursuers to arrive. I climb upon the upright ironwork of the platform and stand upon the wheel of the hand-brake. This has taken up the moment of grace, and I hear the shacks strike the steps on either side. I don't stop to look. I raise my arms overhead until my hands rest upon the downcurving ends of the roofs of the two cars. One hand, of course, is on the curved roof of one car, the other hand on the curved roof of the other car. By this time both shacks are coming up the steps. I know it, though I am too busy to see them. All this is happening in the space only of several seconds. I make a spring with my legs, and "muscle" myself up with my arms. As I draw up my legs, both shacks reach for me and clutch empty air. I know this, for I look down and see them. Also, I hear them swear.

I am now in a precarious position, riding the ends of the downcurving roofs of two cars at the same time. With a quick, tense movement I transfer both legs to the curve of one roof and both hands to the curve of the other roof. Then, gripping the edge of that curving roof, I climb over the curve to the level roof above, where I sit down to

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catch my breath, holding on the while to a ventilator that projects above the surface. I am on top of the train—on the "decks," as the tramps call it, and this process I have described is by them called "decking her." And let me say right here that only a young and vigorous tramp is able to "deck" a passenger-train, and also, that the young and vigorous tramp must have his nerve with him as well.

The train goes on gathering speed, and I know I am safe until the next stop—but only until the next stop. If I remain on the roof after the train stops, I know those shacks will fusillade me with rocks. A healthy shack can "dew-drop" a pretty heavy chunk of stone on top of a car—say anywhere from five to twenty pounds. On the other hand, the chances are large that at the next stop the shacks will be waiting for me to descend at the place I climbed up. It is up to me to climb down at some other platform.

Registering a fervent hope that there are no tunnels in the next half-mile, I rise to my feet and walk down the train half a dozen cars. And let me say that one must leave timidity behind him on such a pasear. The roofs of passenger-coaches are not made for midnight promenades. And if anyone thinks they are, let me advise him to try it. Just let him walk along the roof of a jolting, lurching car, with nothing to hold on to but the black and empty air, and when he comes to the downcurving end of the roof, all wet and slippery with dew, let him accelerate his speed so as to step across to the next roof, downcurving and wet and slippery. Believe me, he will learn whether his heart is weak or his head is giddy.

As the train slows down for a stop, half a dozen platforms from where I decked her I come down. No one is on the platform. When the train comes to a standstill, I slip off to the ground. Ahead, and between me and the engine, are two moving lanterns. The shacks are looking for me on the roofs of the cars. I note that the car beside which I am standing is a "four-wheeler"—by which is meant that it has only four wheels to each truck. (When you go underneath on the rods, be sure to avoid the "six-wheelers"; they lead to disaster.) I duck under the train and make for the rods, and I can tell you I am mighty glad that the train is standing still. It is the first time I have ever gone underneath on the Canadian

Pacific, and the internal arrangements are new to me. I try to crawl over the top of the truck, between the truck and the bottom of the car, but the space is not large enough for me to squeeze through. This is new to me. Down in the United States I am accustomed to going underneath on rapidly moving trains, seizing a gunnel and swinging my feet under to the brake-beam and from there crawling over the top of the truck and down inside the truck to a seat on the cross-rod.

Feeling with my hands in the darkness, I learn that there is room between the brake-beam and the ground. It is a tight squeeze. I have to lie flat and worm my way through. Once inside the truck, I take my seat on the rod and wonder what the shacks are wondering has become of me. The train gets under way again. They have given me up at last.

But have they? At the very next stop I see a lantern thrust under the next truck to mine at the other end of the car. They are searching the rods for me. I must make my get-away pretty lively. I crawl on my stomach under the brake-beam. They see me and run for me, but I crawl on hands and knees across the rail on the opposite side and gain my feet. Then away I go for the head of the train. I run past the engine and hide in the sheltering darkness. It is the same old situation. I am ahead of the train, and the train must go past me.

The train pulls out. There is a lantern on the first blind. I lie low, and see the peering shack go by. But there is also a lantern on the second blind. That shack spots me and calls to the shack who has gone past on the first blind. Both jump off. Never mind, I'll take the third blind and deck her. But heavens! there is a lantern on the third blind, too. It is the conductor. I let it go by. At any rate I have now the full train-crew in front of me. I turn and run back toward the rear of the train. I look over my shoulder. All three lanterns are on the ground and wobbling along in pursuit. I sprint. Half the train has gone by, and it is going quite fast, when I spring aboard. I know that the two shacks and the conductor will arrive like ravening wolves in about two seconds. I spring upon the wheel of the hand-brake, get my hands on the curved ends of the roofs, and muscle myself up to the decks; while my disappointed pursuers, clustering on the platform

beneath like dogs that have treed a cat, howl curses up at me and say uncivil things about my ancestors.

But what does that matter? It is five to one, including the engineer and fireman, and the majesty of the law and the might of a great corporation are behind them, and I am beating them out. I am too far down the train, and I run ahead over the roofs of the coaches until I am over the fifth or sixth platform from the engine. I peer down cautiously. A shack is on that platform. That he has caught sight of me I know from the way he makes a swift sneak inside the car; and I know, also, that he is waiting inside the door, ready to pounce out on me when I climb down. But I make believe that I don't know, and I remain there to encourage him in his error. I do not see him, yet I know that he opens the door once and peeps up to assure himself that I am still there.

The train slows down for a station. I dangle my legs down in a tentative way. The train stops. My legs are still dangling. I hear the door unlatch softly. He is all ready for me. Suddenly I spring up and run forward over the roof. This is right over his head where he lurks inside the door. The train is standing still, the night is quiet, and I take care to make plenty of noise on the metal roof with my feet. I don't know, but my assumption is that he is now running forward to catch me as I descend at the next platform. But I don't descend there. Halfway along the roof of the coach, I turn, retrace my way softly and quickly to the platform both the shack and I have just abandoned. The coast is clear. I descend to the ground on the off-side of the train and hide in the darkness. Not a soul has seen me.

I go over to the fence, at the edge of the right of way, and watch. Aha! What's that? I see a lantern on top of the train, moving along from front to rear. They think I haven't come down, and they are searching the roofs for me. And better than that, on the ground on the sides of the train, moving abreast with the lantern on top, are two other lanterns. It is a rabbit drive, and I am the rabbit. When the shack on top flushes me, the one on the side will nab me. I roll a cigarette and watch the procession go by. Once past me, I am safe to proceed to the front of the train. She pulls out, and I make the front blind

without opposition. But before she is fully under way, and just as I am lighting my cigarette, I am aware that the fireman has climbed over the coal to the back of the tender and is looking down at me. I am filled with apprehension. From his position he can mash me to a jelly with lumps of coal. Instead of which, he addresses me, and I note with relief the admiration in his voice.

"You son of a gun," is what he says.

It is a high compliment, and I thrill as a schoolboy thrills on receiving a reward of merit. "Say," I call up to him; "don't you play the hose on me any more."

"All right," he answers, and goes back to his work.

I have made friends with the engine, but the shacks are still looking for me. At the next stop, the shacks ride out all three blinds, and, as before, I let them go by and deck in the middle of the train. The crew is on its mettle by now, and the train stops. The shacks are going to ditch me or know the reason why. Three times the mighty overland stops for me at that station, and each time I elude the shacks and make the decks. But it is hopeless, for they have finally come to an understanding of the situation. I have taught them that they cannot guard the train from me. They must do something else.

And they do it. When the train stops the last time, they take after me hot-footed. Ah! now I see their game. They are trying to run me down. At first they herd me back toward the rear of the train. I know my peril. Once to the rear of the train, it will pull out with me left behind. I double, and twist, and turn, dodge through my angry pursuers, and gain the front of the train.

One shack still hangs on after me. All right, I'll give him the run of his life, for my wind is good. I run straight ahead along the track. It doesn't matter; if he chases me ten miles, he'll nevertheless have to catch the train, and I can board her at any speed that he can.

So I run on, keeping just comfortably ahead of him and straining my eyes in the gloom for cattle-guards and switches that may bring me to grief. Alas! I strain my eyes too far ahead, and trip over something just under my feet, I know not what, some little thing, and go down to earth in a long, stumbling fall. The next moment I am on

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my feet, but the shack has me by the collar. I do not struggle. I am busy with breathing deeply and with sizing him up. He is narrow-shouldered, and I have at least thirty pounds the better of him in weight. Besides, he is just as tired as I am, and if he tries to slug me I'll teach him a few things.

But he doesn't try to slug me, and that problem is settled. Instead, he starts to lead me back toward the train, and another possible problem arises. I see the lanterns of the conductor and the other shack. We are approaching them. Not for nothing have I made the acquaintance of the New York police. Not for nothing, in box-cars, by water-tanks, and in prison cells, have I listened to bloody tales of manhandling. What if these three men are about to manhandle me? Heaven knows I have given them provocation enough. I think quickly. We are drawing nearer and nearer to the other two trainmen. I line up the stomach and the jaw of my captor, and plan the right and left I'll give him at the first sign of trouble.

Pshaw! I know another trick I'd like to work on him, and I almost regret that I did not do it at the moment I was captured. I could make him sick, what of his clutch on my collar. His fingers, tight-gripping, are buried inside my collar. My coat is tightly buttoned. Did you ever see a tourniquet? Well, this is one. All I have to do is to duck my head under his arm and begin to twist. I must twist rapidly—very rapidly. I know how to do it, twisting in a violent, jerky way, ducking my head under his arm with each revolution. Before he knows it, those detaining fingers of his will be detained. He will be unable to withdraw them. It is a powerful leverage. Twenty seconds after I have started revolving, the blood will be bursting out of his finger-ends, the delicate tendons will be rupturing, and all the muscles and nerves will be mashing and crushing together in a shrieking mass. Try it some time when somebody has you by the collar. But be quick—quick as lightning. Also, be sure to hug yourself while you are revolving—hug your face with your left arm and your abdomen with your right. You see, the other fellow might try to stop you with a punch from his free arm. It would be a good idea, too, to revolve away from that free arm rather than toward it. A punch going is never so bad as a punch coming.

That shack will never know how near he was to being made very, very sick. All that saves him is that it is not in their plan to manhandle me. When we draw near enough, he calls out that he has me, and they signal the train to come on. The engine passes us, and the three blinds. After that, the conductor and the other shack swing aboard. But still my captor holds on to me. I see the plan. He is going to hold me until the train goes by. Then he will hop on, and I shall be left behind—ditched.

But the train has pulled out fast, the engineer trying to make up for lost time. Also, it is a long train. It is going very lively, and I know the shack is measuring its speed with apprehension.

“Think you can make it?” I query innocently.

He releases my collar, makes a quick run, and swings aboard. A number of coaches are yet to pass by. He knows it, and remains on the steps, his head poked out and watching me. In that moment my next move comes to me. I'll take the last platform. I know she's going fast and faster, but I'll only get a roll in the dirt if I fail, and the optimism of youth is mine. I do not give myself away. I stand with a dejected droop of shoulder, advertising that I have abandoned hope. But at the same time I am feeling with my feet the good gravel. It is perfect footing. Also, I am watching the poked-out head of the shack. I see it withdrawn. He is confident that the train is going too fast for me ever to make it.

And the train is going fast—faster than any train I have ever tackled. As the last coach comes by, I sprint in the same direction with it. It is a swift, short sprint. I cannot hope to equal the speed of the train, but I can reduce the difference of our speeds to the minimum, and hence reduce the shock of impact, when I leap on board. In the fleeting instant of darkness I do not see the iron hand-rail of the last platform; nor is there time for me to locate it. I reach for where I think it ought to be, and at the same instant my feet leave the ground. It is all in the toss. The next moment I may be rolling in the gravel with broken ribs, or arms, or head. But my fingers grip the handhold, there is a jerk on my arms that slightly pivots my body, and my feet land on the steps with sharp violence.

I sit down, feeling very proud of myself.



Drawn by Hermann C. Wall

'MY FINGERS GRIP THE HANDHOLD, THERE IS A JERK ON MY ARMS. AND MY FEET LAND
ON THE STEPS WITH SHARP VIOLENCE''

"Holding Her Down"

In all my hoboing it is the best bit of train-jumping I have done. I know that late at night one is always good for several stations on the last platform, but I do not care to trust myself at the rear of the train. At the first stop I run forward on the off-side of the train, pass the Pullmans, and duck under and take a rod under a day-coach. At the next stop I run forward again and take another rod. I am now comparatively safe. The shacks think I am ditched. But the long day and the strenuous night are beginning to tell on me. Also, it is not so windy nor cold underneath, and I begin to doze. This will never do. Sleep on the rods spells death, so I crawl out at a station and go forward to the second blind. Here I can lie down and sleep; and here I do sleep—how long I do not know, for I am awakened by a lantern thrust into my face. The two shacks are staring at me. I scramble up on the defensive, wondering as to which one is going to make the first "pass" at me. But slugging is far from their minds.

"I thought you was ditched," says the shack who had held me by the collar.

"If you hadn't let go of me when you did, you'd have been ditched along with me," I answer.

"How's that?" he asks.

"I'd have gone into a clinch with you, that's all," is my reply.

They hold a consultation, and their verdict is summed up in:

"Well, I guess you can ride, Bo. There's no use trying to keep you off." And they go away and leave me in peace to the end of their division.

I have given the foregoing as a sample of what "holding her down," means. Of course I have selected a fortunate night out of my experiences, and said nothing of the nights—and many of them—when I was tripped up by accident and ditched.

In conclusion, I want to tell of what happened when I reached the end of the division. On single-track, transcontinental lines, the freight-trains wait at the divisions and follow out after the passenger-trains. When the division was reached, I left my train and looked for the freight that would pull out behind it. I found the freight, made up and waiting on a side-track. I climbed into a box-car half full of coal, and lay down. In no time I was asleep.

I was awakened by the sliding open of the door. Day was just dawning, cold and gray,

and the freight had not yet started. A "con" (conductor) was poking his head inside the door.

"Get out of that, you blankety-blank-blank!" be roared at me.

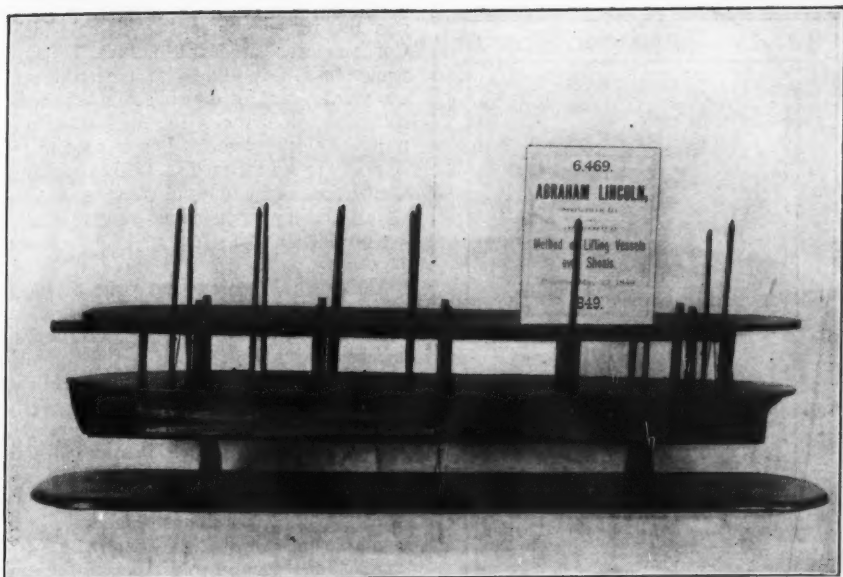
I got, and outside I watched him go down the line inspecting every car in the train. When he got out of sight I thought to myself that he would never think I'd have the nerve to climb back into the very car out of which he had fired me. So back I climbed and lay down again.

Now that con's mental processes must have been paralleling mine, for he reasoned that it was the very thing I would do. For back he came and fired me out.

Now, surely, I reasoned, he will never dream that I'd do it a third time. Back I went, into the very same car. But I decided to make sure. Only one side door could be opened; the other side door was nailed up. Beginning at the top of the coal, I dug a hole alongside that door and lay down in it. I heard the other door open. The con climbed up and looked in over the top of the coal. He couldn't see me. He called to me to get out. I tried to fool him by remaining quiet. But when he began tossing chunks of coal into the hole on top of me, I gave up and for the third time was fired out. Also, he informed me in warm terms of what would happen to me if he caught me in there again.

I changed my tactics. When a man is paralleling your mental processes, ditch him. Abruptly break off your line of reasoning, and go off on a new line. This I did. I hid between some cars on an adjacent side-track, and watched. Sure enough, that con came back again to the car. He opened the door, he climbed up, he called, he threw coal into the hole I had made. He even crawled over the coal and looked into the hole. That satisfied him. Five minutes later the freight was pulling out, and he was not in sight. I ran alongside the car, pulled the door open, and climbed in. He never looked for me again, and I rode that coal-car precisely one thousand and twenty-two miles, sleeping most of the time and getting out at divisions (where the freights always stop for an hour or so) to beg my food. And at the end of the thousand and twenty-two miles I lost that car through a happy incident. I got a set-down, and the tramp doesn't live who won't miss a train for a set-down any time.

The third instalment of "*My Life in the Underworld*" will appear in the July issue.



MODEL OF STEAMBOAT DESIGNED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN. BELLows-LIKE ARRANGEMENTS AT BOTH SIDES WERE INTENDED, IF INFLATED, TO LIFT THE VESSEL IN CASE OF GROUNDING

Curiosities of the Patent Office

IN TWENTY YEARS A RECORD OF OVER FIVE THOUSAND PATENTS, SOME OF WHICH ARE OF GREAT VALUE, STANDS AS EVIDENCE OF THE INVENTIVE GENIUS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

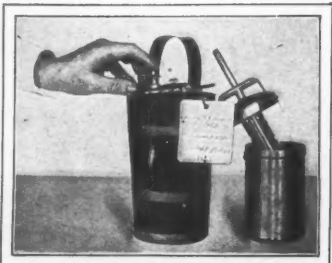
By René Bache



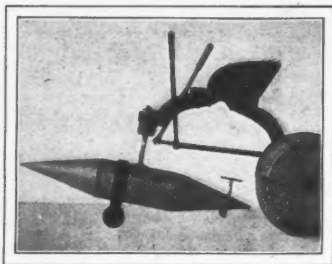
THE most picturesque of all the nation's portable possessions has, through a merciful legislative dispensation, narrowly escaped destruction, a decree having previously gone forth to the effect that the collection of models of inventions at the Patent Office in Washington must be sold, as junk or otherwise, in order to save the expense of housing it. It is most fortunate that Congress changed its mind on the subject before its previous order could be executed, inasmuch as the collection in

question is properly to be regarded as a part of the national historical archives. Furthermore, many of the models have a special value as permanent records, being produced every now and then as evidence in courts of law, where patent rights happen to be in question. Their destruction, or dispersal, which amounts to the same thing, would be an irreparable misfortune.

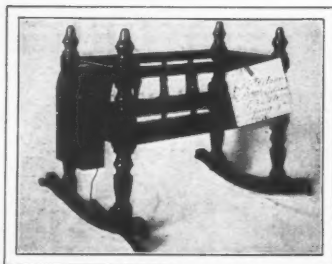
In former days the models were kept on exhibition in the Patent Office, but the space they occupied being urgently needed for other purposes, they were transferred to a building half a block away, on G Street, where, arranged in glass-fronted cases, they now occupy the whole of two vast floors. It



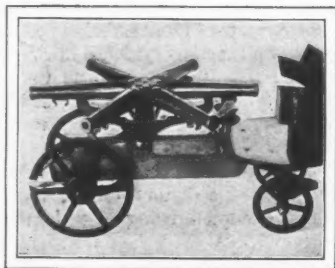
THE FIRST ICE-CREAM FREEZER



A WATER BICYCLE



A SELF-ROCKING CRADLE



A REVOLVING CANNON

was the rent of these two floors which Congress was anxious to save. Meanwhile, thanks to legislative niggardliness, the greater part of the collection is practically concealed from view, for lack of the requisite electric lights. People used to go in flocks to see the models, justly regarding them as one of the sights of Washington, but at present they are so hidden away that only an occasional visitor comes to gaze upon them.

Up to within very recent years a model had to be submitted with every application for a patent, and thus it was that the immense collection here described was gradually got together, many of the inventions represented dating back to a very early period, when the Patent Office was a part of the Department of State. Most interesting of all the objects in question, perhaps, are those which show the earliest steps in the evolution of certain things which have since come to be regarded as essentials of our civilization—such, for example, as the first practical sewing-machine, the first typewriter, the first locomotive engine, and the first ice-cream freezer. This last, by the way, was originated by a woman, Mrs. Nancy Johnson of Philadelphia.

It is natural that the "freak" inventions should attract the most attention; and, because of the exceptional interest displayed in regard to them by visitors, some of the queerest are exhibited as conspicuously as possible. The prize oddity of the whole collection is the steamboat contrived by Abraham Lincoln, which was provided with huge bellows-like arrangements on both sides, intended to be inflated with air whenever the vessel should chance to be stuck on a shoal, thus lifting her off. It does not appear that the device ever proved to be of practical usefulness.

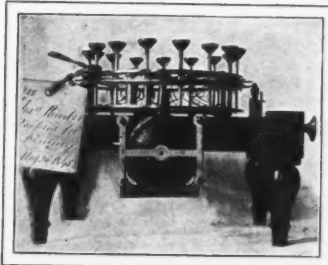
Thomas Jefferson, however, was the inventive president. It will be remembered that his plow proved to be a most substantial improvement over any implement of the kind previously known. He originated a "sulky" carriage, a walking-cane in three pieces which could be converted into a chair, the now familiar copying-press, and the revolving chair. This last was spoken of derisively by his political opponents as "Jefferson's whirligig," in which, as they said, he was "able to look all ways at once." Yet the revolving chair is in common use to-day, as is likewise the chair convertible

into a stepladder, which was the idea of Benjamin Franklin, the first piece of furniture of this pattern being constructed by the sage himself to enable him to reach with ease the books on the upper shelves of his library in Philadelphia.

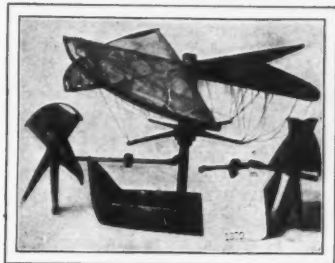
Experience in such matters has proved that it is by no means safe to condemn a seemingly absurd novelty in the way of an invention, for in a good many instances such "freaks" have proved to be extremely valuable. Some of the earlier flying-machines, models of which have long been exhibited as absurdities at the Patent Office, embodied ideas which have found practical expression in the dirigible airships of today. The inventor is an intrepid explorer in the physical realm of the unknown, and that he should often go astray is naturally to be expected. Applause rather than ridicule should have been bestowed upon the investigator who, a few years ago, leaped from one of the high stone piers of the Patent Office steps, trusting to the supporting power of a huge pair of wings which he had attached to his person—none the less, indeed, because he fell ingloriously to the pavement, to the considerable damage of both himself and his apparatus.

When, not so very long ago, a "crank" conceived the idea of killing insects on fruit-trees by covering the trees with suitably contrived tents and filling them with poisonous gas, much derision was excited. Nevertheless, the idea has proved extremely valuable, and is at present widely employed, especially in California, where it has done much to save the fruit-growing industry. Who, then, shall rashly condemn the suggestion of another ingenious person who proposes, for the seduction of harmful moths and beetles, to attach to the branches of fruit-trees twigs of artificial flowers containing within their petals a poisoned nectar?

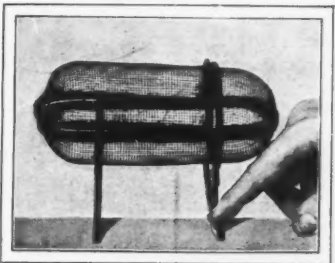
Nothing could be more natural than that most of the women's inventions (as shown by the models representing them) should have to do in one way or another with the household, or with the adornment of the person. Thus, for example, a woman with an original turn of mind has devised a fly-proof cradle, which is cylindrical in shape and composed of wire net. The upper half of the cylinder opens to admit the baby, which, when the affair is closed, is adequately protected against annoyance by buzzing



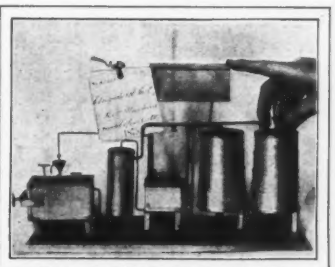
THE FIRST TYPEWRITER



PRIMITIVE FLYING-MACHINE



A FLY-PROOF CRADLE



THE FIRST ICE-MACHINE



THE FIRST PRACTICAL SEWING-MACHINE,
INVENTED BY ELIAS HOWE, JR.

insects. It was a man, however, who invented the self-rocking cradle, which, being provided with a clockwork mechanism to keep it going, may be counted on to go on rocking while mother is at the club or otherwise agreeably occupied.

A woman, again, it was who invented a mechanical fan as an adjunct to a sewing-machine. The fan attached to a rocking-chair, and operated by the movement of rocking, is likewise a feminine invention; and the same may be said of a very remarkable bureau, which, being pulled away from the wall, discloses a completely equipped bathtub. A woman's idea was the "anti-scratch," a simple appliance attachable to the leg of a hen and designed to prevent her from damaging the garden-bed. Consisting of two prongs projecting rearward, it obliges her to keep on going ahead all the time, so that she must soon leave the premises.

The "dimple-maker," as one might expect, is of feminine origin. It is a wire mask, intended to be worn at night, and is provided with several blunt wooden points so arranged as to press upon those spots where dimples are desired. But the ladies, God bless them! are so extremely fertile in ideas—they have taken out more than five thousand patents during the last twenty years—that no attempt can here be made more than to touch upon their inventive

efforts. It is a fact worth mentioning, however, that the familiar compartment tray of pasteboard for holding eggs was originated by a clever country girl, the daughter of a farmer.

Another of the curiosities of the Patent Office is a tornado-proof house, which revolves on a pivot, so that if it happens to be struck by one of those dreaded funnel-shaped "twisters," it will simply whirl round and round without losing its grip on its foundations. Another structural oddity is a railroad-car, designed for revival tours, which may be transformed into a church. On reaching a town where a meeting is to be held, the vehicle is run upon a convenient siding, its sides are unfolded, and a collapsible steeple, which is one of the most important parts of the arrangement, is promptly adjusted.

Of alarms of various kinds there are enough to make up a class by themselves—this term technically covering all sorts of reminders of the time of day or what not. Thus a bracelet bestows upon its wearer a sharp prick with a needle-point when the hour of an important engagement has arrived. A peculiarly constructed bedstead not only rouses the sleeper with a tintinnabulation, but actually throws him out upon the floor. Another device employs



A FREAK FLYING MAN

several corks which, hanging from a frame, gradually descend upon a person in bed, thanks to a clockwork attachment, tickling his nose at the moment when he should wake.

One of the more recent inventions, which involves the use of ice for heating purposes, has been found very useful in transporting perishable merchandise across the continent. The ice is packed in iron cylinders somewhat resembling stoves, and, being approximately thirty-two degrees above the zero of Fahrenheit, actually serves to warm the car when the thermometer is at twenty to thirty degrees below zero outside. Relatively to the outside cold, the ice is quite hot. Another method commonly adopted, though not patented, is to squirt water over the car until it is covered with a sheet of ice, which, being an admirable non-conductor, retains the heat within.

Of all queer patented things made of paper the oddest perhaps are paper teeth, which are said to be quite serviceable. Paper bottles, too, seem curious—not to mention paper mattresses, paper carpets, paper coffins, and paper cigar-boxes impregnated with cedar oil to make them smell like the real wood. There are even paper telegraph-poles, made hollow and coated with silicate of potash to give them enduring quality.

Electricity furnishes a multitude of curiosities, noteworthy among which is an electric-light bulb intended to be swallowed by a person whose stomach is deemed to require inspection. In a dark room it illuminates his interior so brightly that the physician is able to find out if anything is wrong. Another interesting idea is a metal

cup which is so connected by wires with a battery that, when its contents are swallowed, they carry a healthful current with them, contributing much benefit in cases of throat or stomach trouble.

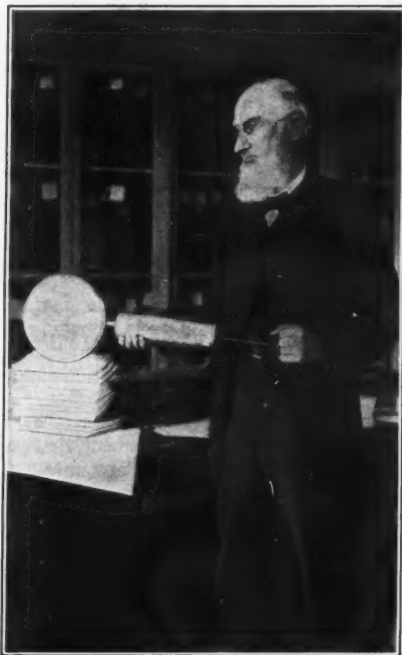
Among minor appliances of the kind are the electric horse-blanket, designed to give comfort to the equine beast in cold weather,

and the electric towel, which, being connected with a battery, diffuses an agreeable glow over the person after a bath. And, speaking of baths, one is reminded of the bathing-car for railroads, which ought certainly to be a luxury, being provided with a series of bathrooms, the water supplied from a tank on top of the vehicle. But decidedly more ingenious are the bathrooms for ocean-going steamships, which have wire cages below the water-line, so that bathers may disport themselves without fear of sharks or other predatory creatures of the vasty deep.

Some of the most profitable inventions have been little ones.

Indeed, just about the best way to make a fortune is to think of some trifle that people ought to have, for everyday comfort or convenience, and supply it. Money in a large way has rewarded the efforts of the originators of the rubber change mat, the automatic inkstand, the can-opener, the now familiar shipping-tag, the shoe-button fastener, the substitute for whalebone made of chicken feathers and known as "featherbone," the ice-shaver, the glass lemon-squeezer, the metal cap for bottles, and the collar-button that turns down at the back in such a way as to prevent the necktie from "hiking up."

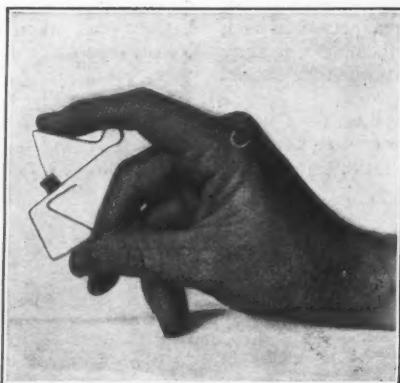
The portable jail, consisting of half a



RICHARD C. GILL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
PATENT OFFICE MODEL DEPARTMENT
FOR OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

dozen barred cells in two tiers, was considered an absurdity when a patent on it was applied for, but it is now in use in South Carolina for transporting convicts to and from their work on the roads. An amphibious fort—that is to say, a ship which may be taken apart and put up on land for purposes of defense—may seem nonsensical, but who can be sure that such a contrivance may not be utilized some day? As already said, it is not safe to condemn new ideas as mere freaks. Among the aquatic oddities in the collection here described, by the way, is a boat which, being put on wheels, becomes a wagon.

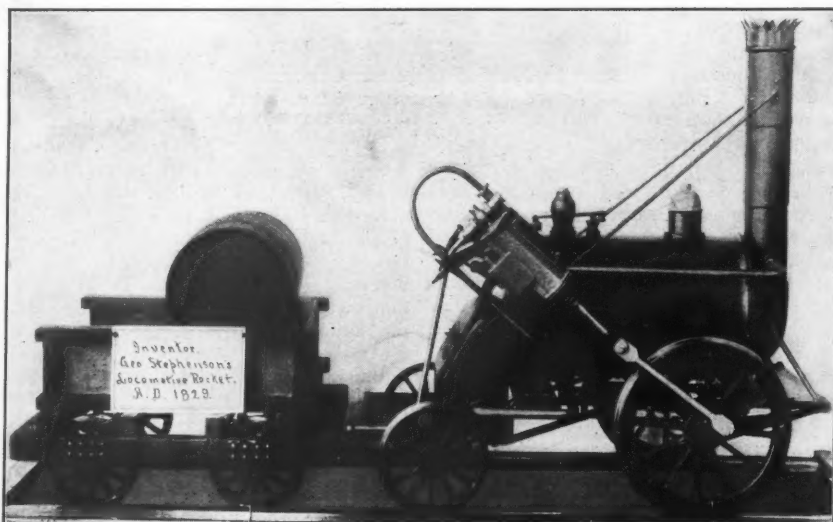
Other curios represented among the models are a phosphorescent cat, to frighten mice at night; a clock which is wound by the rain, a tank on the roof filling a bucket which falls slowly to the ground and pulls up the weight of the timepiece; a clockwork egg-boiler which lifts the eggs (immersed in



THE SIMPLEST SEWING-MACHINE EVER INVENTED

a wire basket) out of the boiling water at the proper instant; a sewing-machine which consists of a single strip of metal held between thumb and forefinger; and a so-called "mechanical jackass," an instrument of torture designed for use at "shivarees," and emitting sounds resembling a cross between the braying of a donkey and the tooting of a steam-siren.

These, of course, are only a few examples of the many remarkable inventions illustrated by the models belonging to the Patent Office; but they will suffice to show how interesting is the collection here described, which, as already stated, ought properly to be regarded as a part of the historical archives of the government, deserving preservation forevermore, not only as an assemblage of important and valuable records, but as a descriptive representation of the development of American inventive genius.



MODEL OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE, STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET"

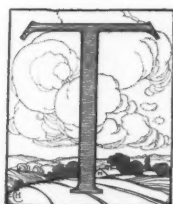


"SHE POKED OUT HER HEAD AND WHISPERED, 'HE'S SLEEPING!'"

The King's Great Victory

By Lee Anderson

Illustrated by Harry A. Linnell



HE King was ill! And when a king is ill, it is unseemly, very, for any but royalty to intrude. Yet into the King's apartment came one who was a Very Common Person. She tiptoed cautiously to the monarch's bed, little knowing that his great, black-ringed eyes were following her every move; then she as cautiously returned to the door, poked out her head, and whispered, "He's sleeping!"

To whomever she spoke, the answer seemed satisfactory, for the King heard a pleased chuckle. Then he was once more alone in the silent chamber, alone with the fearful creations of his fever-heated brain. He stirred uneasily and muttered unintelligibly, then nestled his head on a fresh, cool spot of the pillow and, still muttering, commended himself to sleep. But when a king is ill the vigil is never-ceasing. As the muttering from the big bed continued, the Very Common Person again tiptoed to the King's side.

"Sleeping?" she whispered.

"Um-m!" answered the King.

"In pain?"

"Um-m!"

"Do you want the Doctor?"

"Um-m!"

The answer was not convincing, but the Very Common Person poked her head out of the door again and motioned to some one. Then there was the sound of a heavy tread, and a man entered the royal chamber. Stooping over the bed, he firmly grasped the burning royal wrist.

"Um-m!" grumbled the King.

"What! Going to be cross with the Doctor?" asked the Very Common Person in a grievous tone.

"No, he's not going to be cross with me—are you?" whispered the Doctor, close to the King's ear.

"Um-m!" still grumbled His Majesty.

"Let me see those bottles," said the Doctor, and reached for a number of vials which lay on a little table by the bedside. "We'll increase this to three every hour. Stop this." Then he turned to the fevered monarch. "I'll be going now. Will Your Majesty be able to do without me for a few hours?"

"Um-m-ump!" muttered the King petulantly, and the Doctor and the Very Common Person left the royal chamber abashed. Outside, the Doctor shook his head soberly.

"Pretty bad," he said slowly. "Pretty bad; but I'll come again after lunch."

In the big bed the King was still muttering. When he did finally succeed in getting to

The King's Great Victory

sleep, great monsters came tramping out of the dim infinity, threatening him with destruction. Vainly he ran from them, and vainly he pleaded for mercy; they always dragged him toward an awful, bottomless abyss. With a smothered scream he made one last effort to escape—and then woke up to find the Very Common Person coaxing him to swallow three nasty pellets.

The whole affair was entirely beyond the King's comprehension. For an eternity he had been kept in that darkened room with all of those hideous creatures. Why was he not allowed to be out of doors? True, he did feel a little weak at times; true, his legs and arms didn't always go just where they should, but were those any fair reasons for keeping him locked up? At times, when the shadowy beings were not too insistent, he thought tragically that a Most Beautiful Lady, who came to see him twice each day, had put him there to be rid of him. He was the King, but his enemies had overpowered him. And he was such a harmless King! All he wanted was to be out in the sunshine. He had never hurt anyone. He had even tried to love the Most Beautiful Lady, but she seemed not to want him. She had even deprived him of his Prime Minister. To be sure, that worthy friend and adviser had gone before the King was shut in the dungeon, but to His Majesty's fevered perception it was all one great conspiracy to break him, spirit and body.

And they had succeeded, so far as his body was concerned. His spirit was still firm. He would defeat his enemies yet. He would live on and on, and some day—who knew?—some day the Prime Minister might come back to release him. That big man would not fear the shadow-creatures. If only they had left the Prime Minister! As the fiendish cruelty of this act forced itself upon His Majesty, he sobbed with great, dry gulps which brought the Very Common Person again to the royal bedside.

"Dearie," she asked, "is it worse?"

"Um-m!" replied the King.

"Here, take this. It will be better presently."

The King continued to sob softly. He was frightened. The vague figures were creeping upon him from all sides. Over his body swarmed little imps. From the dark corners peered horrible faces. Long arms reached for him out of nothingness, and great beasts, each seemingly larger than

his bed, marched beneath the chairs and through the chandeliers. Vainly he buried his face against the cool shoulder of the Very Common Person; still they came. Huge tigers and great fire-belching elephants paraded out of her ears, her nose, and her eyes. When she spoke, though the voice seemed soft, hideous figures jumped from her mouth. The King shuddered convulsively and drew away.

"Do 'way! Do 'way!" he gasped. "I ain't done nuffin'. Leave me 'lone. Oh, do 'way. Make 'em do 'way." Then he was silent while the horrors continued to swarm upon him. With anxious face the Very Common Person bustled about the medicine-table. But when she offered doses to the King he would have none of them.

"Oh, do 'way," he cried petulantly. "Please do 'way." Then he added, sobbing: "Won't you please do 'way—please? I ain't done nuffin'."

Again he was silent; and then a new idea came to him. He would ask for his Prime Minister.

"I want my papa," he sobbed. "I want my pa-a-pa!"

The Very Common Person ran out of the royal chamber, forgetting to close the door.

"Mrs. Burt!" she called over the balustrade, "Mrs. Burt! Come very quickly. Master Marvin is very bad."

"Coming," answered a voice from below, and immediately there were the sounds of hurried steps on the stairs. The Very Common Person telephoned to the Doctor and hurried back to His Majesty's chamber. After her came the Most Beautiful Lady, and together they bent over the delirious King. Great tears streamed over the face of the Very Common Person, and the Most Beautiful Lady sobbed tearlessly and buried her face in the short, yellow curls of the stricken monarch.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," she cried.

"Look! It's mama. Won't you speak to mama, darling?"

"Oh, do 'way. I want my papa!" replied the King, and twisted himself from her embrace.

"Don't die, darling; don't die. Speak to mama—say you won't die."

"I want my pa-a-pa!" cried the King. The Most Beautiful Lady clasped her hands in desperation. She begged His Majesty to speak to her, but His Majesty could



"'GREAT GOD,' HE SOBBED, 'LET HIM LIVE. IT IS MY ONLY PRAYER'"

not understand. The host of tormentors continued to come from the dark infinity. At times he was vaguely conscious that the Most Beautiful Lady was speaking to him, but his only definite wish was for his Prime Minister. The Doctor came, prescribed, and stood helplessly by while the fever raged on. Still the delirious monarch cried:

"I want my papa! I want my pa-a-pa!"

It was very embarrassing for the Most Beautiful Lady. How could she explain that a solemn-looking man, seated behind a mahogany desk, had sent the Prime Minister away? How could she explain that the decree had been absolute, that she had been given the child, that the Prime Minister was a stranger to them now? She looked at the Doctor, but he was silent and turned his face

away. He knew the terrible pride of the Most Beautiful Lady and he fumbled nervously among the vials on the little table. She must fight it out for herself.

"I want my pa-a-pa!" pleaded His Majesty. The Most Beautiful Lady knelt beside the bed.

"Darling," she said, "won't you speak to me—just one little word?"

"Do 'way," commanded the monarch.

"But dearie, it's mama. Can't you understand?" The Most Beautiful Lady rose from the royal bedside and faced the Doctor.

"Will it save him?" she asked.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Is there no hope without it?"

"None." The Doctor's tone was positive.

"He will—will——"

The King's Great Victory

"He will die before night unless his father comes. Nothing else will save him."

"Would—Marvin know him?"

"He would."

"I want my pa-a-pa," whined the King.

"Then it is——"

"It is the only hope," said the Doctor.

The Most Beautiful Lady passed her hand wearily across her eyes and sighed. Then she turned to the Very Common Person.

"Please telephone—Mr. Burt—at his office. Tell him—that Marvin—is—dangerously ill—and that he—that we—wish him to come—at once."

Then the Most Beautiful Lady again knelt by the King's bed, and buried her face in the yellow curls. She spoke neither to His Majesty nor to the Doctor, but sobbed softly. This time the tears came, and she was strangely happy.

The minutes dragged on. The Doctor paced up and down the room solemnly, and the Most Beautiful Lady did not move. The King lay quiet as though he knew that his Prime Minister would soon be with him. The door opened, and the Very Common Person entered the room. The Doctor stopped his pacing, and the figure by the bed raised her head inquiringly. The Prime Minister was also proud, and the two watchers anxiously awaited his answer.

"Mr. Burt is coming at once," said the Very Common Person.

Then came an eternity of waiting. Every minute or two the Doctor looked at his watch. The Very Common Person played restlessly with the bottles and spoons. Even His Majesty grew restive under the strain. The shadow-creatures began to come from the corners again, and he asked impatiently for his Prime Minister. At last those who waited by the royal bedside heard a door slam. A deep voice sounded in the lower vestibule, and some one leaped the stairs three at a time. The door was swung violently open, and the Prime Minister entered. He went directly to the King's bed, but seeing the Most Beautiful Lady kneeling there, walked around to the other side.

"Great God," he sobbed, "let him live. It is my only prayer." Then he cried cheerfully to the stricken monarch:

"What, the King ill—sick in bed! Come, come, this will never do. Here, you little beggar, speak to the Prime Minister. The case is urgent. The army of the Enemy is

without our gates. To arms! Let us be up and at them. Shall they take our Castle without a fight? Come, are you going to allow them to carry away the—the Most Beautiful Lady without a struggle?"

The King turned toward the voice.

"Pa-a-pa!" he said; then continued, "How many—men—have we?"

"One million, Your Majesty. What are Your Majesty's orders?"

"Papa, tiss me! Den send some to fight—the—En'my—an'—den tiss me again. I dess we won't fight—to-day."

"Oho! But we must," cried the Prime Minister. "See, the Commander-in-Chief is impatient to begin the battle. And there is the Most Beautiful Lady, sobbing with fear of the Enemy. Shame! Let us give them battle."

"Den tiss me," said the King, and put out a shaky and fever-wasted arm. The Prime Minister stooped to kiss the drawn mouth, and the arm closed tenderly about his neck.

"My papa—is tum," said the monarch.

"But Your Majesty mustn't pet the Prime Minister. See, there is the Most Beautiful Lady, weeping in distress."

The King slowly turned his head toward the sobbing figure on the other side of the bed.

"Mama," he said, "tiss me."

With a glad cry the Most Beautiful Lady bent over the King, and the other royal arm clung feebly about her neck.

"I'se tired. I dess I'll do to sleep."

With their heads touching over the fevered monarch, the Most Beautiful Lady and the Prime Minister knelt silently. The Doctor tiptoed across the room, and laid his hand on the royal brow.

"The climax has passed," he whispered.

"I think you need fear no longer."

The Most Beautiful Lady and the Prime Minister looked at each other over the little body between them. Their eyes were full of tears, but they smiled happily.

"It's no use, Marion," whispered the Prime Minister. "The Royal Family can't be broken up. Sha'n't we begin again? Won't you name the day—a day that will be happier even than the first one was? Won't you, Marion?"

"Yes, Phil, some time—when he is well."

The King stirred, and drew the two heads closer in his weak arms. "I dess we won't fight—to-day," he whispered wearily.

Corporation and Police Partnership with the Criminal Pool-Rooms

THE REAL STORY OF HOW MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ARE
PAID OVER ANNUALLY TO CORPORATION STOCKHOLDERS
AND THE POLICE OFFICIALS OF THE CHIEF AMERICAN CITIES

By Josiah Flynt

Author of "Powers that Prey," etc.



WHEN District Attorney Jerome got "The" Allen into his office for a heart-to-heart talk on pool-room information service, he hoped to be able to trace the service back through the responsible venders to its source. Whether the notorious old gambler unbosomed himself as freely as he could have, I do not know, but this is what he told the district attorney:

"When I let it be known that I wanted service a man came to see me and said he could fix me up. All that I knew about this man was that he had formerly worked for the Western Union in its racing department. He had no written credentials from anybody and didn't tell me where he was going to get the service. I did not care where he got it. In this business we know a thing or two even when it is not written out for us, and I took the hunch that he was the man to do business with. We agreed upon terms, and he set his men to work. They ran a telegraph wire into the alley in the rear of my place at No. 80 Sixth Avenue and from there into a room back of my pool-room. They connected with the regular telegraph instruments, and the service was ready. I paid my money and got the best service that was to be had at that time. While I might guess, I don't know who was back of the man I did business with. He delivered; that was all I asked. The money for the service was paid to his representatives. Where it went to from there I do not know. Gamblers have only one rule in

such matters: if the thing they are paying for is delivered, whether it is service or protection, they take it for granted that their money reached the right spot. They don't care much where that spot is."

This statement was made by "The" Allen after the doors of his place in Sixth Avenue had been battered down by men working under the direction of the district attorney, the telegraph and telephone wires torn out, and the notorious gambling-house closed, so Allen said, for good. "The" Allen is not and never was a "squealer." When he told how he got his pool-room service, he may have lied to protect those who had been his "pals" in lawbreaking. Were his statement unsupported I could readily believe that this was exactly what he had done. But his story of how he did business with a man who came to him with no other credentials than a roundabout "hunch" is supported by identical stories from a horde of other pool-room keepers. Throughout New York, since the day the Western Union officially abolished its racing department, the pool-room men have secured their information service in just the way "The" Allen told of getting his. This method of supplying pool-room service illuminates the mock reformation of the Western Union.

For decades before the City Club of New York forced the Western Union to abandon its big racing department, that company, as I told in my last article, had a complete monopoly of the telegraphic end of the pool-room business in the country. It had made no secret of its willingness to serve these worst of gamblers for pay. Its own wires, or loops, had been installed in virtually every

pool-room in the United States. Its own apparatus and instruments were connected with these loops. It supplied operators from its own pay-roll to handle the service at the pool-room end. It paid to each race-track a stipulated amount for the exclusive privilege of handling the racing information from that track. It had its own wires, or loops, into each race-track. It collected the money from the pool-room, both for its own telegraphic service and for the information itself, turning the latter over to the race-track. Thus, with the Western Union as the go-between, the pool-rooms of the country paid to the race-tracks hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for gambling information. And, incidentally, I wish to point out that had the race-tracks of the United States kept this information within their several enclosures instead of peddling it, through the Western Union, to the pool-rooms, the race-tracks would be in better standing to-day before the bar of healthy public opinion.

The action of the directors of the Western Union in adopting the resolution calling for the abolition of the racing bureau of that company made two gaps in the service. One of these was at the race-track end and the other was at the pool-room end. So long as the Western Union officially owned and controlled the telegraph loops into the race-tracks and pool-rooms, it could not successfully make even a bluff at having abandoned its service; Manager Clowry could not deceive even the milk-and-water members of the directorate, much less Mr. Schiff and those members who had become righteously incensed and watchful since the exposé made by the City Club of the shameful partnership between the Western Union and the race-track gamblers. Therefore, in order that the Western Union might retain any part of the confessed millions of dollars a year it had been getting from the pool-room game and at the same time keep itself square with the outraged public and the vigilant ones among the directors, it became necessary for it to fill the two gaps, but in such a way that the telegraph company could shift all further blame onto the shoulders of others.

It was at this juncture that "Dave" Mitchell and "Johnny" Payne were brought into the situation. Mitchell had been one of the Western Union's most valued employees because of his ability in handling this

lucrative branch of the company's business. It was clearly impossible for the Western Union to save its new mask of righteousness and keep Mitchell on the pay-roll. It also was clearly impossible for the company to convince the public of its change of heart if it did business with "Johnny" Payne. The upshot of this conflict of the things the Western Union wanted to do and could not do without courting more serious trouble than it had found, was the formation of the National News Company in the east and the Interstate News Company in the west. The sole purpose of these concerns was and is to furnish betting information to pool-rooms. The managers of them do not profess to serve any other class of customers. They began business without tangible property except the old loops of the Western Union into the pool-rooms and race-tracks. The exact nature of the deal whereby these loops passed from the legal and aboveboard ownership of the Western Union into the nominal control of the newly organized "news" companies I do not know. I doubt if anyone except Manager Clowry and Mitchell and Payne does know. The steps necessary to show the public that the control of these loops had passed from the Western Union to the "news" companies were taken. This move enabled the Western Union to say to the public:

"See, we now have abandoned the pool-room service. We have no wires into any race-track nor into any pool-room. From now on you must blame 'Dave' Mitchell and 'Johnny' Payne. We have shifted all the criminality onto them."

It is convincingly significant of the close relations between the Western Union, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the local telephone companies on one side and Payne and Mitchell on the other that the question never arose whether Payne and Mitchell were going to be able to deliver the service they promised. Every race-betting man knows that the life of the game hangs on the friendship of the telegraph and telephone companies. He knows that the refusal of these companies to carry the information would result in the instant eradication of this vast evil. Yet when Payne and Mitchell advertised to the gambling world that they were in position to give service, no pool-room man said to them, "How are we to know that the Western Union and the telephone companies will do

as you say they will and give you all the facilities you want?" Payne and Mitchell were not forced to show their support by the corporations in question because all pool-room men knew perfectly well that these corporations would lend any aid in their power to Payne and Mitchell provided the latter could show the managers of the companies that the profits would be large enough to justify their action with their directors. I have noticed that directors, as a rule, do not blame managers for unpopular acts if these acts have added enough to the dividends. The pool-room men have a way of rating "respectables" at a much lower level than that at which the people at large accept them. They have learned by long experience that these directors, or the very big majority of them, will do a reprehensible thing for money almost as quickly as will the gambler himself. Unfortunately this pessimistic view of the inherent dishonesty of many corporations is fully vindicated by the facts. In the gambling world no man raises the question of the willingness of corporations to abet any evil if there is money enough in it. Consequently, when Payne and Mitchell said they were prepared to give service, the gambling man winked wisely and went to no trouble to find out the exact nature of the arrangement between the improvised "news" companies and the Western Union and the telephone companies. Payne and Mitchell made their price for the service, the pool-room men paid it. They got service which could have been secured only over the wires of the Western Union and the telephone companies. Whether the legal responsibility for furnishing this service had been shifted from the corporations to the shoulders of Payne and Mitchell they did not care.

This, then, explains why "The" Allen's story to the district attorney was altogether plausible. As long as the Western Union was openly giving the telegraphic service, such men as Allen had definite knowledge of the men they did business with and their connections. When the Western Union stepped into the shadow even the pool-room men were left without any way of securing positive evidence that they still were in the game. The new arrangement was a "blind pig" scheme, under which the pool-room man left his money on the stump and returned a few minutes later to find the coin

replaced by a flask of liquor. Whence it came was no concern of his.

Let it not be forgotten that the Western Union's retirement from the pool-room game was technical only. In reality that concern did nothing to stop the transmission of gambling information. After its spasm of alleged reform and the dropping of the matter by the public the situation was this:

Payne and his associates bought the exclusive privilege of collecting information inside the race-tracks. Payne carried this information outside the enclosures over wires controlled by him. Just outside the fence he met the Western Union. That adroit sinner here took hold of the gambling information and transmitted it to points near and far as directed by Payne, dropping it to the Payne wires again as the pool-room for which it was intended was reached. By this plan the Western Union, overnight, claimed to transform itself from actual partner of the gamblers into a dignified common carrier. "These messages filed with us by Payne are taken just as would be any other commercial message," declares the Western Union. "We receive and transmit them because we are a common carrier and are compelled to under the law."

This is the Western Union's legal defense. It has no moral defense, nor has it ever given sign of wanting one.

From points just outside the fence at the California, New Orleans, Hot Springs, and other winter race-tracks the Western Union carries the betting information to points close to the big cities where the gambling fever rages. These "commercial messages" are carried by the Western Union as far east as Jersey City, where the telephone takes them up. From New Orleans and California the Western Union carries the information to Payne's headquarters in Cincinnati. From this point telegraph or telephone wires are used as convenience, and not the refusal of the Western Union or other companies to handle the messages, dictates. The majority of the New York pool-rooms get their service over the telephone from the information clearing-houses in that city to which it is sent by telephone from Jersey City after being laid down there by the Western Union as "commercial messages." The New York rooms that use the telegraph are equipped with the loops

controlled by Payne and Mitchell and formerly by the Western Union.

The *City of Traverse*, the pool-room boat on Lake Michigan which caters to Chicago bettors, furnishes a striking example of the number of corporations interested in this service. The Interstate News Company carries the information from the tracks to the point outside where the Western Union takes it up. After the Western Union lays it down in Payne's headquarters it is sent to Chicago over the wires of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. By this concern it is turned over to the DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company and by it flashed out to the boat.

In addition to these companies the "independent" telephone companies throughout the country have shown the same eagerness to add to their dividends by handling this business. In short, no wire-using corporation of the United States so far has had the courage to refuse to become virtual partners of the gamblers when given a chance to do so.

For the service Payne charges pool-rooms of the New York type ten dollars a day, and this price obtains in the case of the smaller rooms throughout the country. The big "country" pool-rooms and the *City of Traverse* pay much larger sums, the latter paying one hundred dollars a day to the DeForest company alone. Payne's income from the service is estimated conservatively at fifty thousand dollars a day, or fifteen million dollars a year. A large part of this goes to the wire-owning companies named. The next largest item of Payne's expense is his payment to the race-tracks for the exclusive information privilege, each race-track deriving from six to seven hundred dollars a day from the pool-rooms now in operation. As the number of rooms increases the profits of the tracks increase.

There is no question that the profits of the Western Union from its pool-room business are much less than they were before the conscientious element in the directorate forced the abandonment of the old racing bureau. The difference between the past and the present profits of the Western Union is represented by the increase in profits from gambling to the long-distance telephone companies and the Payne "news" companies.

In the reports of the Western Union management to the directors, the item of

"commercial" business covers the gambling feature of the company's operations. How many of the directors of the Western Union would sanction the transmission of gambling information as a regular and important part of the company's business merely because this item is now classified as "commercial" I do not know. Apparently there are no protests against this course since the "commercial" disguise was assumed.

So far, I have aimed to touch only on the big, protruding facts of the pool-room game proper. As I approach the end of my task I feel that no exposition of the subject would be complete without at least brief reference to the "dope-shop" as it exists in the United States to-day. The dope-shop is one of the fungus growths of the pool-room game. In its every essential the dope-shop is a confidence game. Between the "form" of race-horses as set forth in publications for that purpose or in the daily papers and in the dope-shop there is the same difference that lies between the advice of a reputable broker in stocks and the persuasions of the man that works with three shells. The tips published in the daily papers are given to the public for what they are—the guesses of men who make the handicapping of thoroughbreds their business. It may be that even the publication of guesses does not tend to the common good, but it probably will be continued as long as horse-racing is a recognized American institution. The dope-shop, however, is another thing.

The vender of "fake" racing information bases his operations on the worst traits of men. He comes to you with a proposition in effect as follows:

"I know of a certain piece of crooked work to be done in connection with a certain race. There is to be cheating, and I am in with the cheaters. If you will pay me a small fee I will let you in on this crooked deal."

It seems to matter little that this proposition implies that the person to whom it is addressed is both a knave and a fool. Circular letters carrying this proposition are sent through the mails by the million annually. They reach every class in the country. They are written with particular reference to their power to induce women to buy tips on "sure things." To the work-weary housewife who is not able to see the day of leisure in the future after contem-

plating the meager family income of the present, these promises of from five to fifty dollars for each dollar invested come with irresistible force. For the man who is feverish with desire to do more for his family they are hard to cast aside. These are the men and women, largely, to whom these advertisements are sent.

The biggest asset of the dope-shop is the Sucker list. These lists are compiled in a hundred cunning ways and after one dope-shop has worked its list to exhaustion it sells it to another shop or exchanges it for a fresh list of unsophisticated ones. Therefore the person whose name is once on one of these lists continues to receive dope advertisements for years from shops all over the country.

New York is the home of the dope-shop. In that city it was born and in that city it has been brought to its highest state of development. Every other large city in which there is interest in racing has its dope-shops, but in none is the game worked so effectively as in New York. The necessities of a dope-shop are a manager who can take the last dollar of a widow without compunction, a cheap office, a desk, a Sucker list, a supply of extravagantly worded circulars, and a block of telegraph blanks. The fee charged ranges from one dollar to ten dollars for each tip sent and from five to twenty dollars for the weekly tip service. To each subscriber who has paid the fee in advance there is sent by telegraph the name of a horse that the confidence man tells you cannot lose that day. Besides paying for the so-called information you are required to pay the cost of the message. This "information" usually is a guess by the office-boy or by the manager, neither of whom has any closer connection with racing-stables than the Suckers to whom the information is sent. There are a few "square" confidence men in this game who send to all their subscribers the name of the same horse on a given day. The majority of them send to subscribers in one city the name of one horse, to subscribers in another city the name of another horse in the same race, and to subscribers in still other cities the names of still other horses in the same race. One of these is reasonably certain to win. In this way the subscribers in the city to which the name of the winning horse is sent are inveigled into buying more dope of the same kind and into playing the information until they have lost hopelessly.

So widespread has become this evil that newspapers and racing publications which publish the advertisements of dope-shops have been forced to refuse the advertisements of those who have been caught playing this trick.

There is no way of computing the amount of money out of which the ever-gullible public is swindled in the course of a year in this way, but it runs into millions. One New York dope-shop, which had exceptional good luck in guessing winning horses for several days less than a year ago, was sending more than five hundred telegrams a day to a western city, and each telegram represented an investment by the subscriber of five dollars plus the cost of the despatch. It is probable that this one dope-shop during this streak of good guessing took in not less than twenty thousand dollars a day. During this short period of exceptional good luck the subscribers unquestionably made money "playing the dope," but it was followed by the inevitable period of bad guessing, and all the money won, and more too, was bet away while the Suckers were hoping for a return of their former good luck.

Probably the most remarkable evidence of the complete gullibility of the race-mad public is to be found in the promises made by the dope-shops. Nearly all of them give their subscribers a "guarantee," which consists of a promise that if the tips sent for one week do not make money for the player, the next week's tips will be sent free. I have never heard of the public accepting such a proposition from any other kind of confidence man. If the information causes the bettor to lose money, no charge will be made for more information that will cause the bettor to lose more money! In truth it seems that the Sucker-a-minute estimate will have to be revised. This dope-shop swindle is the only out-and-out confidence game to which the federal mails remain open.

The pool-room evil of the United States, like all other evils connected with municipal life, produces bad effects of an indirect kind which are but little less bad than the direct degradation resulting to tens of thousands by the existence of the pool-room as a gambling institution *per se*. The most important of these bad indirect effects is the demoralization of the politics and police of any city harboring pool-rooms. The rami-

fications of this one feature of the pool-room game would lead me into far-reaching trails of graft had I the space to follow them. Here I may but outline these things.

The New York pool-rooms paid in the form of bribery to the police not less than a million dollars the year before the operations of the rooms were curtailed somewhat by the recent wave of reform. Many years ago the New York pool-rooms were run so openly under a sympathetic public sentiment that they needed no protection except that public sympathy. The race-track owners, however, found that the growth of the pool-room in the city meant decrease in gate-receipts and betting patronage at the tracks and decided that it would be a fine stroke of business to suppress the pool-rooms. For this purpose they enlisted the services of the police. Later, certain reform agencies—some of them perfectly sincere and disinterested and others organized for purposes of levying tribute—joined the race-tracks in their crusade. These forces working against the pool-rooms brought about a condition under which the pool-rooms needed protection and needed it badly. The police noted the graft-producing possibilities. From that instant the rooms became the producers of one of the largest sums of corruption money ever slipped to the police force of any city. In the beginning the patrolman on the beat was the beneficiary. As the fight on the pool-rooms waxed fiercer the policemen in the lower ranks were placed under the orders of officers of higher rank in the matter of protection. Organization crept into police bribery by the pool-rooms, and at last the man lower down in the department was "cut out" almost altogether and the man higher up in the department was given the money. For years the New York police have worked in sympathy with and for the perpetuation of the pool-rooms. The reform agencies that have fought the rooms have had to fight the police as the allies of the gamblers. *With the police against them the pool-rooms of New York could not live a day.*

Each pool-room operating in New York within the last few years has paid the police from fifty to one hundred dollars a week. Of this money twenty-five dollars are paid to a collector acting for the captain of the police precinct and twenty-five dollars to another collector acting for the inspector. This secures immunity from raids and

arrest. The most drastic action taken by the police against the pool-rooms is in isolated instances when the reform forces have centered their fire on certain rooms. In these cases the captain stations a uniformed policeman at the door of the pool-room to warn persons entering that the place is a gambling-house. The policeman assigned to this remarkable task usually accepts five dollars a day from the keeper of the room, and the operation of the room is not interrupted. When we but think what this practice means at bottom we find an amazing condition. The entire police force of the greatest city in the country standing publicly as partner in and sponsor for the most widespread and destructive form of vice known to that city is a spectacle that fully explains the disgust of those who declare municipal government in the United States to be a failure.

The system of police bribery and protection that obtains in New York is not a secret system. It is known to every man who has even a slight knowledge of conditions below the surface. There have been a few spasmodic efforts to trace this pool-room corruption money to high police officials with such directness and positiveness as would justify indictments for bribery, but all such efforts have been unavailing because the system of payment was devised to guard against just this danger. Each room has a cashier, who handles the money and disperses it into the various channels required for operation. This cashier makes a weekly report to the owner or manager. Each week he is from fifty to one hundred dollars "short" in his accounts, the amount of the shortage always tallying with the amount of protection money paid to the police. It is needless to say that these recurring weekly "shortages" never bring about the discharge of a cashier. In order for the prosecuting officers of the city of New York to secure convicting evidence of bribery against the pool-room men and the police it is necessary for them to prove actual payment of bribe money by the authorized representative of the pool-room to a police officer. Under the system in vogue the utter impossibility of producing proof of this is apparent. The protection money is paid by the cashier of the room to a man who has no official connection with the police. Such a payment might be made with safety in the open in the presence of

reputable witnesses because there is no legal way of telling for whom the money was paid, for whom it was intended, and for what purpose it was paid.

If the average between the minimum and maximum payments to the police, seventy-five dollars a week, be taken, the total police bribe money when there are only three hundred pool-rooms running in New York is \$1,170,000 a year. The illicit revenue to the police when there were two thousand rooms in operation is easily computed. This does not take into consideration the hundreds of elusive handbooks, most of which pay for protection, but in much smaller weekly sums. With this enormous fund always within sight and reach of the police, the reason for the toleration of the criminal pool-room is evident.

It is not to be inferred that the millions that the pool-rooms are handing to the police of New York and other cities—for the system elsewhere is virtually the same, with smaller sums involved—do not travel farther than the pockets of the blue-coated "guardians" of the common good. But to trace the bribe money beyond the police is even more difficult than to obtain legal evidence that the pool-rooms bribe the police. Back of the policeman is the politician—who manages the policeman against the interests of law and order and who takes away from him the lion's share of the graft money collected. In a word, the police are the tentacles of the politician in the reach for graft. In New York the most positive bit of circumstantial evidence that the police obey the politicians in the matter of pool-rooms is to be found in the fact that in certain Tammany districts there are no pool-rooms because the leaders in these districts will not stand for them. The control of the police by the politicians in New York is so absolute that the police do not dare allow pool-rooms to open if the district political leader protests. While New York presents a more nearly perfect system of control of the police and the pool-room by the politician than any other city, there have been remarkable instances elsewhere of the greed of the politician for pool-room money.

In Chicago not long ago there operated a big handbook and pool-room combination to which the political leeches fastened themselves in such numbers and with such voraciousness that the combination went to pieces by sheer weight of the load of politicians it had to carry.

Indirectly we all know what these things mean in municipal life. The pool-rooms of the country present the biggest source of political graft known, and as long as they are tolerated the most debased and vicious elements in American municipal life will have the sinews of war with which to carry on their unholy fight against the forces of decency, honesty, and efficiency in the government of cities. And in this connection I wish to suggest one thing that seems to me to furnish an idea to those who are fighting in all American cities to wrest control of municipal affairs from wrongfully favored corporations. No matter at what city you look and no matter how small or large the forces involved, you will find invariably that the vicious but vote-delivering elements which thrive on the pool-room graft are always at the disposal of the men and corporations who seek to exploit the public through corruptly secured franchises.

There are many vicious features of this most vicious thing known as the pool-room which are deeply overshadowed by its big, glaring points of viciousness. I have tried to set forth the big points in these articles and have not referred to the smaller ones at all. There is no angle from which the pool-room may be approached that it does not present one cause above all others for its very existence. That is the willingness—nay, eagerness—of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the local and long-distance telephone companies to perpetuate the pool-room crime, to aid and abet the destruction of honor, of American homes, of human lives, in their sordid and criminal grasping for bigger dividends.* The telegraphic and telephonic service is the keystone of the whole pool-room structure. Without this service the arch would crumble, not gradually, but instantly. This has been demonstrated so often that no one pretends

*NOTE.—Since the above was written the Postal Telegraph Company has entered into a contract with William Ryan, an expert telegraph-operator closely identified with racing interests, to furnish him a special wire from New York to Chicago for the transmission of pool-room service. Ryan's plan is to steal the Payne service from a New York pool-room and peddle it among the smaller pool-rooms in the west. Not only has the Postal agreed to furnish the wire, but the New York office instructed the Chicago manager to see that every facility was extended Ryan so that there might be no delay in transferring the service from the Postal wire to the Chicago Telephone Company's wires for distribution.

to deny it. For these companies to hide behind the mask of their common-carrier function does not relieve them of the slightest shred of responsibility for the awful damage that is being done. For the Western Union to say that "if we refused to take these messages the pool-room gamblers could compel us to take them" does not for one second change the fact that the refusal of that company to handle this class of business would forever put an end to it and that no effort would be made to force them to resume the service. As well might a railroad say, "We are a common carrier and for that reason are compelled to carry and protect an escaping murderer."

The action of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in rushing eagerly to the rescue of the pool-room criminals is one of the most amazing perversions of the

functions for which it was given franchise rights. Bad as is the Western Union, the telephone companies approach it in badness.

The willingness of the directors and managers of these companies to be held up to just public contempt for the sake of a fraction of a cent greater revenue on each dollar invested in these properties is one of the startling anomalies of the American business character to-day. Is the anesthetizing effect of the possession of vast fortunes so potent as to blind these men to the enormity of their guilt? Does this benumbing influence of dollars excuse these men from their share of the responsibility? And is the time not at hand when men who are willing to spread grief, crime, and death in order to make a few dollars more should be called to stern accounting by the public they debauch and destroy?



The Bulwark

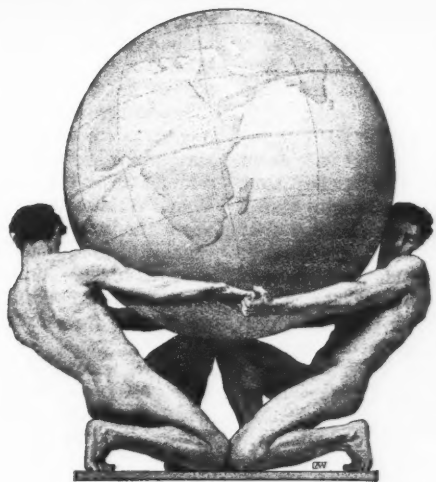
By Clinton Scollard

UPON a day I was assailed by Fear,
But lo, Love came and whispered in mine ear,
"I am beside thee; be thou comforted!"
And I cast forth that dread.

Upon a day I was beset by Doubt,
And vainly strove my tireless foe to rout
Until Love murmured, "Courage! have thou faith!"
When Doubt was but a wraith.

Upon a day I was engirt by Hate,
And, impotent and dumb, could not abate
The dire beleaguerment until Love spoke,
When the dark meshes broke.

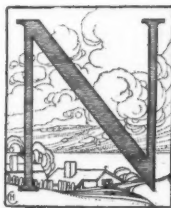
Abide, O sovereign sacred and supreme!
Guard thou my waking! warder thou my dream!
I shall not shrink at even Death's grim will
If thou be bulwark still!



What Life Means to Me

THE EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE OF THE MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT OF A MAN UNDER THE MOST ADVERSE CONDITIONS OF POVERTY AND DEGRADATION IN A GREAT CITY

By Owen Kildare



NOT until my seventh year did I realize that a man's life depended on his way of overcoming the problems. I had been cared for after a fashion; had some rags to cover my bareness; and was fed on indifferent food from an always meagerly stocked larder. The equivalent of this care was paid by me in ransacking the streets and docks for the wood and coal needed in the house; in running errands; in being constantly on the alert for things which could be appropriated without my being caught and then be used in the home or sold for a few pennies; and in doing all the things done in the slums of the city by the children of workingman or thief. It makes no difference whether the means are procured by working or stealing, the ends of life in

the slums are the same. A place to sleep and a mouthful to eat make life for thief and worker. They are the only problems.

When the toe of a heavy brogan landed me in the street on a bleak December night, these problems had to be mastered by me. In my experience of seven years there had been nothing to provide me with ideals. A slave to my stomach, its fulness had been my only goal. My only equipment to attain this goal was the instinct of the proletarian, which led me to where others of my kind were snarling for the bits that meant life to them.

It did not take many days of my fluctuating existence as a newsboy to provide me with a most elaborate set of ideals. The meanness of the life, its constant wrangling and insecurity of income, bent all my energies to reach a stage where the cutting of coupons would be the hardest work to be performed. I dreamed day-

dreams of three meals a day; of going to the gallery of the theater at least once a week; of eating candy or ice-cream as often as I desired. And for that I wanted to be wealthy.

Unconsciously I fell into the ways of the capitalists. The rights of others were nothing to me. Not by my intellect, but by my might, my brute strength, did I push others out of my path and usurp what they had obtained by their perseverance and application. The choicest corners on Park Row were mine by the divine right of force, and never more than a pitiful squeak was raised against my assumption.

Of course, conducting business along these approved methods, I made more than my share of pennies. And, perhaps more than the pennies, my arrogance of power was valued by me. There were many among the kids of the street who could have licked me without undue exertion, but they were afraid. I, as other monstrosities then and to-day, had scared the common rabble to death. Aye, life then seemed very pleasant to me, because in my precincts I was It.

With my growth my strength and brutish instinct increased, and a clique of sporting men decided that my muscles were too well developed to be wasted on ordinary toil. After testing my prowess on several "dark horses" I was ushered into the arena of the professional pugilist. Alas! in their calculations they had overlooked my temperament. In the midst of the scrimmages I was too often given to forgetting the legacy of the immortal Marquis of Queensberry, and dedicated all my efforts to "doing my opponent *good*, and doing him in *any old way*."

So the career of the professional, which leads so often to the dramatic stage or even to the seats of the mighty who, from out of their well-tried wisdom, make the laws of the land and the people, was closed to me. However, such material as I was not to be utterly wasted, and by the help of a "leading business man," still doing business and still passing around the plate on Sundays, enough finances were procured to arrange matches in which I was pitted against the most vicious plug-uglies to be found. In these "goes" rules were not observed. Sometimes, for the edification of our spectators, or rather auditors, we were locked

in a room until one cried quits. In this fashion I won the proud distinction of becoming the rough-and-tumble champion of New York for over eight years, with no more damage to myself than several broken fingers, a frequently broken nose, several staved-in ribs, a broken jaw, and a few minor injuries too trifling to be enumerated.

And is this a tale of the old Roman days when the twist of a thumb turned on the crimson fountain to quench the thirst of enervated lust? Forbid! We gladiators of these more modern days are elevating sport, and are endorsed by the deacons of the churches.

There were days when the art of self-defense, now most surely a lost art, still had its uses. Along the Bowery, that miserable highway of the wicked and the foolish, were strung the dives, the practical annexes of our fat-paunched and fat-jowled patriots and statesmen. To preserve the dignity of these semilegislatives halls was no easy task, for men with "pull" will have their gentle jesting. Therefore I, classed as the toughest of the tough, was promoted to the position of peace-preserver among those exuberant, diplomatic spirits. And there I found another set of ideals. Queer place to find ideals, but Providence watched over me, and one who can look at our statesmen and patriots and doubt the mercy of this Providence is surely the worst kind of a heathen.

Dives of that day could not have existed without visitors from other social shifts. They came from that *good* and mysterious region, "uptown." For a long time my dull mind was sadly puzzled with this condition. What could the good, cultured, and refined find to entertain them among us? Ere long I noted the fact that where the filth was most nauseating, there the uptown visitors flocked most densely. It seemed so strange to me that I determined to study this new race, my betters.

Night after night I stood, apparently watchful of the quiet of the place, when, in fact, I was greedily snatching every word, every phrase, uttered by one of my betters, whose education and refinement made him a weird clown for our drunken amusement. Before long I became jealous, envious, of this education of my betters, for, although far in the twenties, with all my life lived in this greatest city of this Christian land, I had been permitted to

flourish like a weed, and could not read or write my own name. Yet I had no serious fault to find with my lot. I wore clothes that were fashioned in imposing style; I had money, for, besides being engaged in the disciplinary department of legislative annexes, I showed some aptitude in practical politics; I had swarms of admirers and enemies; I had a reputation—what more could I desire? So, except at night, when the contrast between my kind and that of my betters was brought out more shrilly and made me momentarily envious, my desire for education was relegated into obscurity.

A legislative spasm sent a committee of investigation to town. Almost immediately thousands of my class of *workmen* were thrown out of work—without disturbing the statistics of economy. And there we were, thousands of able-bodied men, droning woeful dirges about the injustice of fate! Work? What could we do but maim and steal? I was not above adopting the last-named profession, but was kept from it by the still-remaining shreds of my reputation. To keep my body in condition I had never knuckled to drink, so instead of accepting the invitations to drink, which were sometimes offered by old friends who came downtown at times to mourn with us over the passing of the "good old days," I paid my expenses by taking the cash equivalent of the proffered liquor. Also, a number of physical wrecks, who still remembered me, engaged me, not to save them a little longer from the grave, but to put them again into condition for the pace.

It was the most primitive, yet most direct logical sequence that I should have the greatest contempt for those above me. I had no desire to get in on the parlor floor. And so, not knowing anything of any other life, I resigned myself to the situation, hoping for better times, and unconsciously gliding toward crooked ways.

Then what I love to call a miracle came to me. I had run the gamut of lust and vice, but not until that day had the pure tone of love chimed into the tenor of my existence. How it all happened has been told elsewhere and is too long a story to be repeated here. And though you all come, you infidels and doubters, and bring on your proofs and doctrines and dogmas, you cannot tear away from me my belief,

because none but a superhuman agency could have wrought such a miracle.

Can you see the picture—the golden-haired, sweet little woman, shrined with a halo of angelic purity—and me! My scowls had been enough to scare, my speech had always been the growl of the beast, every gesture betokened the never-tamed brute within me, yet she saw else beneath it all.

With such a guide I quickly found my way, and also found that life meant something to me.

Some have wondered how I learned so quickly. First of all, what do I know? Am I not groping in the bewildering darkness and bumping myself constantly in the forest of chimerical doctrines? And as to my spelling and writing, I saw it stated a few months ago that a savage Zulu had come to us, and, in three years, had mastered our culture. That did not cause undue comment. But it is different with me, because I came from the very bottom of this rotting edifice. Where, then, do you rank the man of the slums?

It had been my fate to be much in contact with men who, no matter how vile and debauched in their habits and tastes, had still the veneer of refinement. I learned their phrases, their mannerisms, and when I found my teacher, it needed only the technical equipment for the spelling of c-a-t, cat, and r-a-t, rat, to lead me on to all the other things.

But learning the alphabet is not enough; even college-bred rogues are in our prisons. Under the tuition of my little teacher I approached haltingly the many mysteries of life. It was a glorious journey, brightened all the way by the pleasures of my ignorance. Now, for the first time, I had a peep at a real home; now I found that strong manhood shows itself more in intelligent speech than in boisterous profanity; now, at last, I learned that I was living in the midst of neighbors, and that our acts are of spreading influence. My life until then had been the utter isolation of greediest selfishness.

I also learned other, less pleasant truths: that our patriotism was a noisy thing, brought forth on particular occasions with much blaring and packed away for the rest of the year in camphor, with the furs and things; that it was impossible to serve both God and Mammon, and that not many

were trying; that man had built the city, and that the devil had mortgaged it; that few statesmen were thinking of the next generation, and all politicians were thinking only of the next election; that most of our public men could scarcely overcome the desire to turn the American eagle into a well-broiled quail. These truths I found and was amazed by them.

My understanding increased, and the day seemed near when all mysteries would be cleared, when I would stand confronting the truths of life. But other destinies prevailed, and again I found myself alone. In my hour of agony the past, still within my reach, intoned its tempting lay, and for a while, just for a while, my loneliness overcoming me, I swayed dangerously near the brink and almost sank into the abyss of forgetfulness. But there was a legacy which could not be forgotten—and I stuck.

There isn't much more to be said.

My new views of life had come to me filtered by the purity of a dear little woman, and were scarcely robust enough to meet the real emergencies. Armored with her innocent philosophy I went into the midst of life. Then the pleasures of my ignorance decreased, but the disappointments grew.

My heart was heavy with sorrow, and, alone, I sought the consolation of the Unseen, made known to me by her. We had worshiped in the open, in the green fields so new to me, where feathered choirs were singing joyous anthems to rise above the leafed, majestic spires. There, to those memory-waking fields, I did not want to go. The churches would barely tolerate me, and I needed more than toleration in my desolation. There was nothing left but the churches for sinners, the rescue-stations for the burdened souls.

The God they preached there was strange to me, a God of brimstone and hell-fire, always ready to condemn, forgiving only after much torture. It was not the God of her. Instead of their being real saving-stations, active with bustle and the anticipation of a better life, I found them charnel-houses of reeking pasts, the recitals of which were to convert, while blatant speech of incompetents droned from the barren platforms to rows of sinners even there still sinning with their fraud. And it came to me that in this day of social unrest the souls of men had been forgotten. An underdog, I can view life only from that standpoint,

and, having only my half-baked philosophy, you will bear with me for telling you about some of the things that perplexed me.

We have many places of betterment in the slums. Our wives and children are pampered and petted, improved and spoiled. Fine ladies emerge from tenements on Sunday, dressed in cheap imitations of the garments worn by settlement workers and paid for by draining instalments. And it is not the keeping up of style, but its frequent changes, that keep families in debt. Our female relatives learn bits of this and that, according to inclination, not according to need. And a mosaic spirit of ambition, dissatisfaction, and false pride prevails in every household. System in betterment seems faulty, and where the men are concerned it does not exist at all.

Girls are sold into shameful slavery, thousands of children are insufficiently fed and clad, tots are sent to the torture-chambers of factories. Will the wail of the women, the whimper of children, bring relief? No, the men, their fathers, must do it. The law does not send children to the shops, but the greed or apathy of the parents does. Were it not for the "extra pennies," which mean more mixed ale at home, many children would not be in the shops. And not one child would be there were the fathers roused to their manhood and from their lethargy.

To make a movement extensive, propagandism is necessary, but a certain amount of propagandism should be followed by an equivalent in results. Sometimes, even, propagandism and results walk hand in hand.

The slums teem with "intellectual" meetings. I have attended them for years, know the loudest talkers, and miss them sadly at the polling-booths. The meetings are attended by a particular brand of men. Few of the real rabble are among them, because the rabble are still ignorant, still hang about the docks and corners, neglected by the intellectual crowd. He who remembers these neglected men is the wise politician. Recognizing the inherent spirit of gregariousness, he furnishes clubs for the men, where they can meet and talk. This spirit of gregariousness is not utilized by the intellectuals, who seem a classy set, an upper class among the lowly. Shall the new movement be the feat of just a

few or the grand awakening of the many? Give the rabble a chance to think, to exchange ideas, to reason; waken their hearts and minds, and, for heaven's sake, don't force your opinions on them. If you are right they will know it. The arrogance of intellect is a most severe drawback to advancement.

If the rabble, the uncouth, the ignorant, the hand-workers, are left to themselves, they will, on the day of the new era, be still the rabble, a miserable majority.

To ease the labor of women, to prepare the children, the coming generation, for the future battle, is all good work and noble, but much of it would be done privately, not officially or semicharitably, if the men of the tenements were dragged from their stupor. But, as I stated before, these things are far above me and cannot be grasped by my intellect. It seems to me that we are so interested in educating one another that we have no time left to *do*. And it is bad that it is so. In the first place, there is a wide difference between oratory and common sense. Why follow the superannuated methods of science and present your truths in such complex form that only the very few can understand them?

There is room in this life for a lot of work, and even if one fails in mastering the different brands of philosophy one need not be idle. For a long time I was a firm believer in the Golden Rule. Lately, however, it has seemed to me a doctrine of barter. I have ideals, pet ideas, and, for a time, made propaganda for them, but I found that it takes more than sweet words to make a balky mule go. I gave my throat a rest and, instead, stretched my legs.

In my travels through the lanes and alleys I have become thoroughly convinced that a spiritual, intellectual waking of the men of the tenements must precede everything else. The hardest place to sell "phony"

jewelry is in the tenements, not because they know the stuff is worthless, but because their ignorance makes them suspicious on general principles. If one-half of the thousands that pack the meetings nightly would start out on individual missions, the movement and its understanding would grow mightily. At present the man of the rabble is suspicious of the new dogmas because he does not understand them.

I firmly believe in the preference of individual work to *ensemble* maneuvers. I have tried it in a small way, and did not find it hopeless. Of course it is not easy. To approach a being, a man in semblance only, with smile, handshake, and kind word—not forgetting the "intellect"—without making an immediate impression, is disheartening work. One must dig and dig through many stony layers of callousness, and is often ready to give up in sheer despair. You almost are convinced that neither heart nor mind is hidden in that bulky carcass; then suddenly you strike a different substance, you find a thing, warped and distorted, unclean, perhaps, but still a soul and, withal, a twin of your own.

My experience has been limited, my effort small, yet I have been long enough across the border to know that one has a place in the midst of life, even if prevented by insufficient understanding from being associated with the intellectual bodies, if one will concede the right of the individual and its mutual functions. And so, depending on the point of view, to everyone life can be great, important, ennobling. Some are judged by results; others by their trying.

While not my gospel, for a daily motto these lines of James Russell Lowell are good enough for me.

How do *you* like them?

Be noble! And the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.



The Crucible

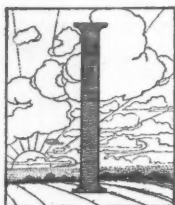
By Mark Lee Luther

Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.

With frontispiece illustration by J. H. Gardner-Soper

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Jean Fanshaw, a seventeen-year-old girl of good family, living in the town of Shawnee Springs, was committed to the state House of Refuge because, goaded into a fit of passion by her mother and sister, she attacked them. Brought up by her father, now dead, to prefer men's sports and pursuits, she found herself wholly out of sympathy with her remaining family. Entering the refuge bitterly resentful, she tolerated the companionship of but one girl, Amy Jeffries, and she incurred the ill will of another inmate, Stella Wilkes, who had borne an evil reputation in Jean's own town. After some months she managed to escape, and in her flight came upon the lakeside camp of a young man upon whom accident had forced a solitary vacation. He persuaded her that in the interest of her future she should return to the refuge. This she did, carrying with her into punishment a new conception of womanhood. In the prison, where she was now confined, she had to endure close contact with Stella Wilkes. The hard conditions here brought on an hysterical riot, led by the Wilkes girl, which Jean at first joined, but, coming to her senses, she lent her aid to the authorities, thereby earning Stella's sworn enmity. From this point Jean's character took on a new growth, and she finally left the refuge stronger and more feminine for her harsh experience. As she was not welcome at home, she went to New York to work in a cloak-factory where Amy Jeffries had preceded her. This establishment proved to be a sweat-shop. Amy had lately left for a position at a cloak-model, and after a hard week Jean herself found employment at a small wage in the toy department of Amy's store. At the cheap boarding-house where the girls shared a room, Jean met a likable young dentist named Paul Bartlett.

FRIENDS AND FOES



It happened at dusk while they were returning from Central Park, which Amy had selected as a primary lesson in Jean's civic education. They were homing by way of Broadway, and were well back into the theatrical section, when Jean's guide gripped her abruptly by the arm, dragged her into the nearest doorway, and hurried her half up the dark flight of stairs to which it led. Even here she enjoined silence, pointing for explanation to the square of pavement framed by the doorway, into which an instant later loitered the bedizened key to the riddle—Stella Wilkes. There was no mistaking her. For an interminable interval she lingered watchful of the street. Then, as aimlessly as she had come, she drifted out again and away.

"Thank my stars I saw her first that time!" gasped Amy.

"You knew she was in New York?"

"Yes. I've seen her before. She came

up to me one night looking even worse than now. She was more painted, and her eyes were like burned holes. She said she was broke, but had the promise of a place. It was to sing in some gin-mill, I think. She *can* sing, you know. Remember how she'd let her voice go in chapel, just to show off? I loaned her a dollar to get rid of her. I was afraid somebody I knew might see us together. I think she saw I was afraid."

"You shouldn't have let her see; it gives her a hold on you. I sha'n't dodge."

Jean began consistently to descend, but Amy caught her back. "Wait," she pleaded. "Do wait a little longer. Wait for my sake if you don't care yourself. But you'd better fight shy of her, too, I can tell you. She hasn't forgotten the prison riot. She mentioned it the night I saw her, and said she'd get plenty square with you yet."

Tricked by her uncertain nerves, Jean came under the sway of Amy's panic. They lurked cowering in the hallway till sure of a clear coast, then, darting forth, hurried round the first corner to a quieter thoroughfare which Stella would be less apt to haunt. Here, too, they continually saw her in imagination, and sought other doorways and

rounded other corners for safety. Fear tracked them home, plucked at them in their own street, mounted their own steps, entered their own door, and abode with them thereafter.

Nor, for one of them at least, did the crowded weeks next following bring forgetfulness or reassurance. Jean was ever expecting the dreaded face to leer at her from the blurred horde which swam daily by the little island in the toy department where she sold children's games. While she elucidated the mysteries of pachisi or dissected maps to some distraught mother of six, another part of the restless mechanism of her brain was painting Stella to the life. She pictured the outcast's vindictive joy at running her down, heard her mouth the unspeakable for all who would lend an ear. And who would not! She quailed in fancy before the gaping audience—the curious shoppers, the round-eyed cash-girls, the smirking clerks, Mr. Rose the floor-walker.

Once, issuing from such a dream, she found herself face to face with Mr. Rose, who had come unnoticed to her counter, and so clear-cut was the vision, she merged the unreal with the real and blenched at his voice.

"Not taking morphine lunches, are you?" he asked, leaning solicitously over the counter.

She stared hazily till he repeated his question.

"Morphine lunches! What are they?"

The man enacted the pantomime of applying a hypodermic syringe to his arm. "So," he said. "Some of the girls who can't lunch at home get into the way of it. Bad thing—very."

"Why should you suspect me of such a thing?" demanded Jean indignantly.

"No offense intended. Noticed a queer look in your eyes, that's all. Stunning eyes! I'd hate to see 'em full of dope. Perfectly friendly interest, understand."

She welcomed the fretful interruption of a customer, but the woman was only returning some article, not buying, and the transaction required the floor-walker's sanction. When the shopper had gone her way he leaned to Jean again.

"If it's worry about holding your place after the holidays," he said, "why, you can't quit it too soon. We've watched your work, and it's all right. The forelady says you've learned the stock quicker than any

green clerk she's had in a dog's age, and you know she's particular. Whoever else goes, you stick."

Jean gave a long breath of thankfulness, but she was not too happy to be practical. "And the pay?" she asked.

"The same for the present. You're still a beginner, you know."

"It is very little. The girl who had my place left because she could not live on it, I hear."

Mr. Rose tapped his prominent teeth with a pencil. "She said something of the kind to me," he admitted. "She was unreasonable—very. What could she expect of six dollars?"

The handsome saleswoman at the dolls' furniture counter was intoning, "Oh, Mr. Rose! Oh, Mr. Rose!" with increasing petulance, and the floor-walker sped to her leaving his cryptic utterance unexplained. Jean asked a fellow-clerk more about her predecessor, and learned that as she lived somewhere in the Bronx, both carfare and lunches had been serious items. These, fortunately, she herself need not consider. It was half the battle to feel permanent. She could shift somehow on her present wage till promotion came. There was, moreover, a certain compensation in feeling herself a factor in this great establishment which everybody knew who had heard of New York at all. It was a show place of the metropolis, one of the seventy times seven wonders of the New World. Its floor-space was reckoned in acres, its roof housed a whole city block, its capital represented millions, its wares the habitable globe. Nothing essential to human life seemed to be lacking.

It drew rich and poor alike these days, and sooner or later the toy department gathered them in. Though Stella came not, there were many of familiar aspect who did. Hardly a day passed without its greeting from some one Jean knew. Mrs. St. Aubyn came shopping on account of an incredible grandchild she must remember; the bookworm for the cogent reason that a cherubic niece brought him; the birds of passage to celebrate an engagement obtained at last; the shorn lambs of Wall Street to revive fading memories of a full pocketbook; the stenographer and the manicuresince they were women; the dentist because of Jean.

It was impossible to mistake Paul's reason. Her fellow-clerks hinted it, Mr. Rose re-

enforced their opinion with his own, Amy added embroidered comment, and finally Paul told her explicitly himself. On the first evening, when he appeared at her counter near the closing hour, he bought a game. At his second call, a week later, he examined at length, but did not purchase. The third time he said that he had happened by; the fourth he cast subterfuge to the winds and avowed frankly that he came to walk home with her. "Fact is, I'm lonesome," he explained, when they reached the street. "Till you came I never got a chance to talk to the right sort of girl except in the operating-chair, and that didn't cut much ice, for it was always about teeth. Hope you don't mind my dropping round for you once in a while after office hours? It will keep these street-corner mashers away from you and do a lot toward civilizing me."

Jean accepted his companionship as frankly as it was tendered. There was nothing loverlike about Paul's attitude. He was precisely the same whether they walked alone or whether, as frequently happened, Amy came down with her to the employees' entrance, where Jean had suggested that they meet. His escort was doubly welcome during the last week before Christmas when the great store kept open evenings, and the shopping quarter held its nightly jam. Then, perhaps a fortnight after the holidays, she overheard a conversation.

It was not about herself, nor among girls she knew, nor indeed in her department; merely a scrap of waspish dispute between two young persons of free speech who supposed themselves in sole possession of the cloak-room. Black Eyes remarked that she knew very well what Blue Eyes was. She didn't belong there; her place was the East Side.* Whereupon Blue Eyes elegantly retorted that unless Black Eyes shut her mouth she would smash her ugly face in. This was evidently purely rhetorical, for when Black Eyes waxed yet more personal, pointing out the inconsistent relation of fifteen-dollar picture hats to six dollars a week, the only act of violence was the slamming of a door which covered Blue Eyes's swift retreat.

That evening Jean told the dentist he must come no more.

"Suffering bicuspid!" he gasped. "What have I done?" This despite her tactful best to assure him that he had done nothing at all.

It seemed enormously difficult of explanation at first, but when she suggested that

she found the department store not unlike a small town for gossip, he comprehended instantly. "Who has been talking?" he demanded. "If it was that pup of a floor-walker——"

"It wasn't. So far as I know, not a soul has mentioned my name. It's because they mustn't talk that I've spoken."

Paul squared a by no means puny pair of shoulders. "Let me catch 'em at it!" he said.

She was more watchful of her fellow-clerks thereafter. A few girls she doubted, but striking an average, they seemed as a class honest, hard working, and monotonously commonplace, with their loftiest ambitions centered upon tawdry and impracticable clothes. If a girl dressed better than her wage warranted, as many did, it usually developed that she lived with her parents or with other relations who gave her cheap board. These lucky beings had also a social existence denied to the wholly self-supporting, of which Jean obtained a perhaps typical glimpse through a vivacious little rattlepate at the adjoining mechanical-toy counter, with whom friendly overtures between customers led to the discovery that they were neighbors and to a call at the three dormers. This courtesy Jean in due course returned, one evening, at the paternal flat over an Eighth Avenue grocery, where "Flo," as she petitioned to be called, rejoiced in the exclusive possession of a small bedroom ventilated, though scarcely illumined, by an air-shaft.

"Mother gave me this room to myself when I began to bring in money," she explained. "I only have to hand over two dollars a week. What's left I spend just as I please. Father says I buy more clothes than the rest of the family put together, and he nearly threw a fit once when I paid twelve dollars for a lace hat trimmed with imported flowers; but all the same he doesn't like to see any of the girls I go with look better than I do. Our crowd is great for dress. How do you like my cozy corner? I think these wire racks for photographs are sweet, don't you? I have such a stack of fellows' pictures! I wonder if you know any of them. The man in the dress suit is Willy Larkin—he's in the gents' furnishing department. I put him next to Dan Evans—you know Dan, don't you?—because they're so tearing jealous of each other. If Dan takes me to a Sousa concert one night, Willy can't rest till he has spread himself

on vaudeville or some exciting play. They almost came to blows over a two-step I promised both of them at the subscription hop our dancing-club gave New Year's. That tintype you're looking at is one Charlie Simmons and I had taken at Glen Island last year. Goodness! Don't hold *my* face to the light. I'm a fright in a bathing-suit. I do love bathing, though, but I think salt water is packs more fun. Last summer I had enough saved for a whole week at a dandy beach near Far Rockaway. There was a grand dancing-pavilion, and sometimes you could hear the waves above the band. I just love the sea."

Jean was not envious, but the girl's chatter made her own existence outside the store seem humdrum. Mrs. St. Aubyn's circle was more narrow than had at first appeared. After a few dinners, it was obvious that the landlady's talk was nearly always confined to the food and servants, as the librarian's was limited to the weather, the shorn lambs' to things financial, and the stenographer's, the manicure's, and Amy's to feminine styles; while the birds of passage, whose side-lights upon the profession had been diverting, were now lamentably displaced by an insurance agent who dwelt overmuch upon the uncertainty of human life. It had to be admitted, also, that Paul himself talked shop with frequency. His stories, like his droll ejaculations, were apt to smack of the office; and he had a habit of carrying gold crowns or specimens of bridge-work in his pockets, which, though no doubt works of art of their kind, were yet often disconcerting when shown in mixed company. At such times especially, Jean would evoke that knightly figure, who shone so faultless in perspective, and in fancy put him in Paul's place.

She perceived the dentist's foibles, however, without liking the essential man one whit the less, and, in the absence of the Ideal, frequently took Sunday trolley trips with him in lieu of the tabooed walks from the store; but the fear of meeting Stella made her decline his invitations to the theater and kept her from the streets at night. Paul took these self-denials for maidenly scruples beyond his masculine comprehension, and was edified rather than offended; but he was at first puzzled and then hurt, when, as spring drew on, the outings also ceased. Jean was evasive when questioned, while Amy looked knowing, but

was too loyal to explain. The stenographer or the manicure or, for that matter, any normal woman could, if asked, have told him that Jean was merely ashamed of her clothes.

It was largely because Paul misunderstood that Jean resolved no longer to wait passively for promotion. Six dollars a week had their limitations, since five went always to Mrs. St. Aubyn for board. Yet, out of that scant margin of a sixth, she had somehow scraped together enough to replace what she had used of Mrs. Fanshaw's grudging contribution, the whole of which she despatched to Shawnee Springs in a glow of wrathful satisfaction that cheered her for many days. Nevertheless the want of it pinched her sharply. Those ten dollars would have helped spare the refuge suit, which, fortunately black, did duty seven days in the week and looked it, too, now that the mild days began to outnumber the raw, and other girls bloomed in premature spring finery. Many of the bargains which the great store was forever advertising would have aided in little ways, but the management was opposed to its employees profiting by these chances.

During the continued ill health of the department manager, Mr. Rose still wielded an extended authority, and to him, accordingly, Jean made her appeal, overtaking him on his way to the offices one evening when the immense staff was everywhere hurrying from the building. The carpet and upholstery department, where they talked, was ever a place of muffled quiet, even with business at high tide, and, save for an occasional night-watchman, they seemed isolated now. Rose heard her out, lounging with feline complacency upon a soft-hued heap of Oriental rugs while his eyes roamed her eager face with candid approval.

Jean saw with anger that he no longer attended. "You are not listening," she reproached. "Can't you appreciate what this means to me? Look at my shoes! They're all I have. Look at this suit! It's my only one. I've saved no money to buy other clothes—it's impossible. You say I'm efficient—pay me living wages then. I can't live on what you give me. I've tried and I've failed—failed like the girl before me."

The floor-walker rose smiling from the rug pile. "She was inconceivably plain," he said; "but you——" He spread his white hands in futile search of adjectives.

"Never mind my looks, Mr. Rose," Jean

struck in curtly. "I am talking business."
 "So am I, my dear. I'm pointing out your resources."

She did not understand him fully, his leer notwithstanding, and he drew his own interpretation of her silence. "You know we don't lack for applicants here," he continued. "There are a dozen girls waiting to jump into your shoes. We expect our low-paid girls to have additional means of support. Some of them have families; others—but you're no fool. There are plenty of men who'd be glad to help you out. Why don't you arrange things with that young dentist? Or"—his smile grew more saccharine—"if that affair is off, perhaps I—"

Then something transpired which he never clearly understood. It was plain enough to Jean. In the twinkling of an eye she was again an athletic boxing tomboy, answering to the name of Jack, before whose scientific "right" Mr. Rose dropped with crumpled petals to the floor.

AN INTERVIEW

JEAN stood over him an instant, her anger still at white heat, but the floor-walker had had enough of argument and only groveled cursing where he fell. Leaving him without a word, she swept by a grinning night-watchman and turned in at the adjacent offices whither Rose himself was bound. She had learned the ways of the place sufficiently by now to know that members of the firm often lingered here after the army which served them had gone, and she was determined that her own story should reach them first. But the office of the head of the firm was dark, and the consequential voice which answered her knock at the door of a junior partner, where a light still shone, proved to be that of a belated stenographer.

As she turned uncertainly away, Rose, nursing a swelling eye, again confronted her. "Thought you'd take it to headquarters, did you?" he said. "I advise you to drop it right here."

He recoiled as she advanced and warded an imaginary blow, but she only passed him by contemptuously.

"Are you going to drop it?" he asked, following to the stairs. "I don't want to see you get into trouble, for all your nasty temper. I'm willing to overlook your striking me."

His persistence only fixed her resolution to expose him, and she hurried on without reply.

"Two can play at that game," he warned over the rail.

In the street she paused irresolutely. The man would of course protect himself if he could, and her own story should reach some member of the firm to-night. If she waited till morning, Rose could easily forestall her. Yet she had become too sophisticated not to shrink from the idea of trying to take her grievance into one of those men's homes. Only the other day she had picked up a trashy paper containing a shop-girl story, warmly praised by Amy, which narrated an incident of this kind. The son and heir of a merchant prince—so the author styled him—had cruelly wronged the beautiful shop-girl, who, after harrowing sorrows, took her courage in her hands and braved the ancestral hall. She gained an entrance somehow (details were scanty here) and confronted the base son and heir at the climax of a grand ball at which the upper ten and other numerals were assembled to do honor to his chosen bride. Jean had seen the absurdity of the picture as Amy could not. Things did not fall out this wise in real life. The beautiful shop-girl would never have gotten by the merchant prince's presumably well-trained servants, even if she had eluded the specially detailed policeman at the awning.

Nevertheless there seemed to be nothing left her but to try. She consulted a directory in the next drug store and copied out the home addresses of the several members of the firm. One of the junior partners seemed to live nearest, though not within walking distance, and at this address she finally arrived at an hour when, judging Fifth Avenue by Mrs. St. Aubyn's, she feared she would find her employer at dinner. She recognized the house as one which Amy had pointed out with an air of proprietorship on their first Sunday walk, and she reflected with misgiving that it was a really plausible setting for the drama of the beautiful shop-girl, did such things exist.

An elderly butler convinced her that this was her own drama. He was not unbearably haughty, a vast quantity of polite fiction to the contrary, and if he scorned her clothes, he did not let the fact appear. His manner even suggested decorous regret that the master of the house was not at home. Jean went down the steps wondering

whether this were an artistic lie, but, happily for the servant's reputation, an electric cab at this moment drew up at the curb and dropped the man she sought. She recognized him at once. He paused, giving her a keen look, when he perceived that she meant to accost him.

"I just asked for you," Jean said. "I wanted to speak to you about something at the store."

"You are one of our employees?"

"Yes. I am a salesgirl in the toy department. I wish to make a serious complaint."

"A complaint? Your own department is the proper channel for that."

"I cannot ask the man to judge himself."

He gave her another sharp look. "Oh," he said, with a change of tone. "Come in." Then, to the elderly butler who during this interval had held the door ajar with an air of not listening, "The study."

Jean seemed to recall that the beautiful shop-girl had encountered a "study," which could have been no more luxurious than this. She queried, while she waited, what the library and more pretentious apartments could be like. The room seemed to her of regal splendor. It was paneled and cross-beamed, and a fireplace in keeping with the architecture well-nigh filled one end wall. The light fell from a wonderful affair of opalescent glass which gave new tones to the Oriental fabrics under foot and added richness to the lavishly employed mahogany. No other wood had been permitted here. It glowed dully from beam, panel, and cornice; from the mantel, the book-shelves, the carved cabinet concealing a safe; from the massive, griffin-legged desk at which the owner of it all, as florid as his taste, presently took his seat.

"Now then," he said, "tell me explicitly what you charge."

She omitted nothing. Her listener followed her closely and once, when she gave Rose's version of the firm's policy, he shook his head dissentingly, but whether in disbelief of herself or in condemnation of the floor-walker, she could not guess.

"This is a grave accusation," he said when she had done. "It involves not only Mr. Rose—who, let me say, has always been most efficient—but the good name of the whole establishment."

"That is one reason why I came."

"Of the whole establishment," repeated the junior partner, as if she had not

spoken. "Was there a third party present?"

"There was a watchman near by, but he couldn't have heard what was said."

"You are quite sure you did not misunderstand Mr. Rose?"

"Quite."

"And were not prejudiced against him in advance? Floor-walkers as a class have often been maligned."

Jean reflected carefully. "I can't say no to that," she owned frankly. "A friend had a poor opinion of him and said so before I began work, but I tried not to let that influence me."

"But it did?"

"A little, perhaps. I admit I've never liked him."

For a time the big man under the drop-light trifled absently with a paper-knife. "We'll take this matter up, of course," he said presently. "If we need a house-cleaning, we'll have it; but I can't believe that things are radically at fault. No department store in the city is more considerate of its people. We were among the first to close Saturday afternoons in midsummer; we offer liberal inducements for special energy during the holidays; we have provided exceedingly attractive lunch-rooms; we even hope, when trade conditions permit, to introduce a form of profit-sharing. What more can we do?"

Jean supposed his rhetorical query personal. "You might pay better wages," she suggested. "Then things like this wouldn't happen."

"There you trench upon economic grounds," he rejoined heavily. "I wish we might inaugurate a lecture course for our employees, to elucidate the principles which govern a great business. The law of supply and demand, the press of competition, the necessity for costly advertising, these and countless other considerations, which we at the helm appreciate, never enter the shop-girl's head."

Jean was overborne by these impressive phrases. They had never entered her head, certainly, and she was not altogether sure why they should. "We only ask a living," she said.

"But you shouldn't. We want the girl who asks pin-money, the girl who lives with her family. Have you no family yourself, by the way?"

"My mother is living."

"Is she dependent upon you in any way?"

"No."

"Is she able to provide for you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then why doesn't she?"

Jean's eyes snapped. "Because I won't let her."

Her listener shrugged. "The modern woman!" he lamented. "But this is beside the question. We pay as others pay. If a girl thinks it insufficient, let her find other work. So far, I uphold Mr. Rose. His further advice—as you report it—is another matter. As I have said, we will take it up."

He touched a bell and rose, and Jean followed the elderly servant to the door. The impetus which had brought her here had subsided into a great weariness of body and spirit, but she went down the avenue not ill satisfied. She had had her hearing. She had spoken, not for herself alone, but in a measure for others. Moreover, the man's bluff candor seemed an earnest that justice would be done. Precisely what form justice would take she did not speculate.

Near her own door she met Paul on anxious lookout for her. "I was beginning to imagine a fine bunch of horrors," he said. "Amy hadn't a ghost of a notion what was up."

"I did not tell Amy I should be late," Jean replied. She offered no explanations, but Paul's concern was grateful and she added, "I'm sorry you worried."

He eyed her narrowly, pausing an instant at the steps. "Any need for a man of my build?" he inquired.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I think you're in trouble."

"No, no," she returned hastily. "But thank you."

"Something has happened?"

"Yes; at the store. I can't very well explain it."

"Oh," said Paul, "I'm not so sure I couldn't be useful."

She felt that he divined something of what had transpired, his knowledge of the floor-walker being perhaps fuller than her own, but he said no more. Jean was singularly comforted by his attitude, especially since Amy's, as presently defined, left much to be desired. She seemed less amazed at Rose's behavior than at Jean's active resentment.

"I wouldn't have struck him," she said.

"What would you have done?"

"I—I don't know. At any rate, not that. A girl has to put up with a lot."

"I presume you wouldn't have reported him, either?" Jean flung out bitterly.

"No; I didn't—I mean I wouldn't."

Jean started. "I think you meant just what you said first, Amy," she cried. "Has he told you the same thing?"

Amy writhed. "N-no," she began; "that is——"

"Almost, then?"

"Yes."

"And you did nothing?"

"I didn't dare do anything. I don't see how you dared. It's too big a risk."

"I would have risked more in keeping quiet. I simply had to take it higher up."

"But you said Mr. Rose offered to let it drop. You could have done that."

"That!" She could not voice her scorn.

They went to bed and rose again in an atmosphere of constraint, and Jean walked to her day's work alone. She dreaded meeting Rose, and apprehended another interview with the junior partner, an ordeal which wore a more forbidding aspect by day. But neither happened. The floor-walker did not appear in the toy department at all, though some one had seen him enter the building. It was rumored that he was ill. Toward the end of the afternoon Jean noticed that she had become an object of some interest to the forewoman, and wondered hopefully if this influential personage had marked her for promotion. Her pay-envelope, for it was Saturday, shortly furnished a clue to the mystery in the shape of a neat slip informing her that her services were no longer required. "I'm to answer questions if you have any," the forewoman told her; "but I guess you understand."

The girl turned a chalky face upon her. "But I don't——"

"Then you're slower than I thought. The firm has looked you up, that's all."

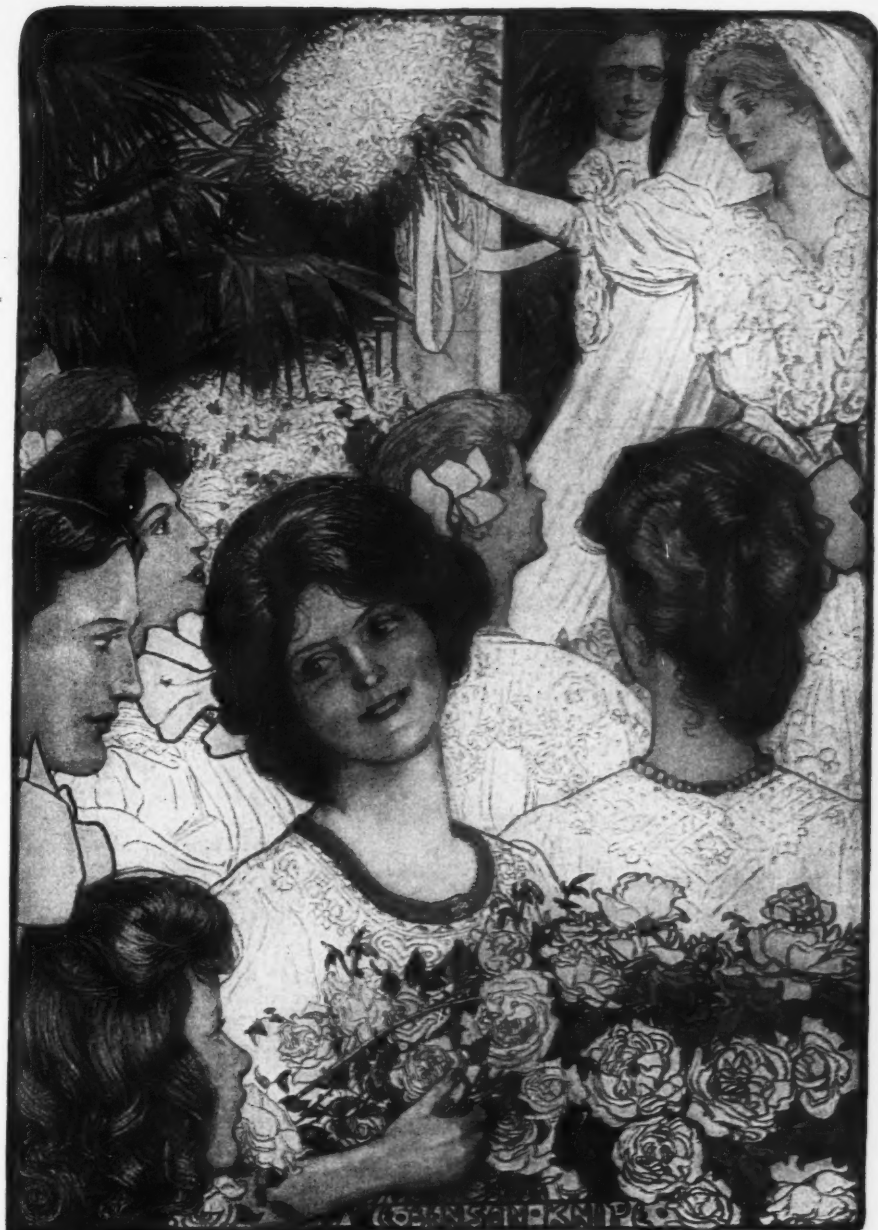
Jean realized the monstrous injustice of it but slowly. "I don't see," she faltered.

"Bosh!" cut in the woman impatiently.

"Don't try to flimflam me. Lord knows what kind of game you were working, but you had more nerve than sense. You might have guessed when you tried to put your bare word against Mr. Rose's that they'd make it their business to find out just what your word was worth. Your last employer told them."

"Told them what?" blazed Jean.

"What do you suppose? That you'd done time in a reformatory, of course."



The Wedding

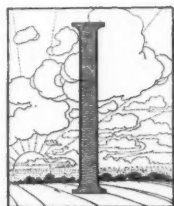
THE SEVENTH OF A SERIES OF EIGHT COLOR-PRINTS MADE FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN
MAGAZINE AND REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE FROM DRAWINGS
BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE



Renunciation

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Horace Taylor



It was a Bohemian restaurant. Exactly what is meant by a Bohemian restaurant I have never been able clearly to understand. So many writers have insisted that Bohemia exists, not in tangible dimensions, but in a spirit that dwells in the hearts of its denizens that I am somewhat embarrassed in setting forth reasons why this was unquestionably a Bohemian restaurant. Perhaps it is because the spirit exists in my heart, unawares. Nevertheless, it was a Bohemian restaurant. To begin with, it was known as Pasquale's. Could anything sound more Bohemian than that? In the second place, the table d'hôte dinner—always including spaghetti—cost forty cents, and smelled of garlic. In the third place, of the patrons of this restaurant about one-eighth were Italians who came there as a matter of course, about three-eighths were artists, models, amateur thinkers, and clerks who came there because the dinner cost forty cents, and the remaining eighths were sight-seers who felt they were

slumming, students in search of local color, and well-to-do society folk who had heard that the place was Bohemian. Still, I may be wrong. Perhaps it was not a Bohemian restaurant. Of three things, however, I am very sure: its lights were always bright, a Neapolitan quartette played there every night, and on a cold winter night the place was lively, noisy, and warm.

It was upon just such a night—the wind was howling mercilessly without, and the air was filled with whirling snowflakes—that the Neapolitan quartette were playing and singing "Santa Lucia." It was by special request. As a matter of fact, hardly a night had passed since the restaurant was opened that some one had not asked the musicians to play "Santa Lucia." And most of the Italians in the room upon this night—as upon all those other nights—joined in the chorus:

*Cumme se move la luna chiena!
Lu mare ride, l'aria è serena.
Ah! Che facite, mieze alla via?
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!*

"What ees?" asked Pasquale of one of the patrons, who had beckoned to him.



"UPON THE VERY THRESHOLD STOOD A PALE-FACED, BEARDED JEW, LADEN WITH A GIGANTIC BURDEN OF GARMENTS"

"I feel a draft. Is there a window open?"

Pasquale gazed anxiously around the room, and a sudden light came into his countenance. "Somebod' he lef' ope' ze door!" he replied.

Pasquale hastened to close the door. As his hand touched the knob, he became aware of the presence of a figure without, and, instead of closing the door, he opened it wide to allow a customer to enter. But it was not a customer, and no one entered. Upon the very threshold of the restaurant, crouched in an attitude of rapt attention, stood a pale-faced, bearded Jew, laden with a gigantic burden of garments, Jew and burden alike covered with snow. His eyes met Pasquale's. For a brief moment Pasquale gazed into wide-opened, burning orbs that saw him not. Then a slight shudder seemed to pass through the man's frame, he recovered himself with a start, and moved swiftly off into the snow-storm. For one instant longer the strains of "Santa Lucia" followed him,

Che facite, mierz alla via?

Then the door closed and Pasquale's res-

taurant filled with the applause that greeted the end of the song.

On and on through the blinding storm plodded Rubinow, pausing only to shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, shivering with cold, unable to see more than a dozen paces ahead, where all the world seemed to end in a whirling gloom, slipping occasionally or stumbling over some unseen obstacle, as far removed from the bright scene in the restaurant into which he had peeped as if it were a thousand miles away. And in his ears, over and over again, rang the melodious strain of the Neapolitan song. Soon he arrived at his destination, delivered his burden, and retraced his steps homeward; and all the way the wind and the whirling snow seemed to sing "Santa Lucia."

Rubinow lived on the third floor, directly over the sweat-shop where he worked. He stopped on his way upstairs to notify the sweater that he had delivered the goods safely, and then proceeded to the two-room apartment that he called home. He entered with the noiseless step of one who is accustomed to the presence of an invalid. Softly he opened the door that led into the adjoining room, and listened. In the darkness he could hear the faint though regular breathing of a sleeper. Then, after gently closing the door, he lighted a lamp, and seating himself close by the stove leaned his head upon his hands and gazed steadily into the burning coals. And thus he sat, for hour after hour, in pensive attitude, weaving all sorts of pictures into the fitful play of the bluish flames, oppressed by the burden of his life and disheartened by what the future held out to him. And through it all the murmuring flames sang to him, over and over again, "Santa Lucia."

I must tell you something of Rubinow. Not that it is at all interesting—a drearier life never fell to the lot of man—but simply that you may understand that, upon this night, Rubinow had peeped into paradise.

There had been one of those periodic outbreaks of fanaticism in the little Russian town in which the Rubinows lived. A squad of Russian soldiers, under pretense of searching for an offender, had broken in their door. The elder Rubinow, sick at heart with fear, had nevertheless barred the way. With gentle dignity he protested against the intrusion.

"There is no one here but my wife, my little boy, and myself," he declared. "Please do not frighten them."

A glistening saber flashed through the air, and the old man fell lifeless to the floor. A child, clinging to his mother's skirts, began to cry. The mother herself was swaying to and fro, about to faint. One of the soldiers drew back his leg to aim a brutal blow at the child. But even in that swooning moment the maternal instinct was wide awake: the mother fell to the floor between the soldier and her child and received the blow in her side.

The Rubinows, mother and son, came to the golden land of refuge where there is no tyranny save Want, and, until the boy was twelve years old, the mother toiled for him. Then her health gave way, the blow that she had received in her side bore fruit, and it was the boy's turn to provide for them both. And that had been his life.

His face was drawn and furrowed with deep lines, and he wore a beard after the custom of his race, though he was only twenty-four. But his life during those twelve years had been the life of a machine. In the beginning his earnings had barely been sufficient to provide food for the two of them. The neighbors had contributed to pay their rent—had contributed gladly and unostentatiously, for the charity of Israel is bountiful. The time came, however, when Rubinow could earn a man's wages in the sweat-shop, and after that he was the sole support of the household. From sunrise until long after sunset he worked at his machine. In the heat of summer and the bitterest cold of winter he worked all day and far into the night. In storm and shine, in season and out of season, heedless—aye, ignorant—of the world's onward march and its daily strife, he worked incessantly at his machine and not only worked uncomplainingly, but thanked Jehovah that there was work to do. Upon a holiday, when the sweat-shop was closed, he might, perhaps, spend an hour at the synagogue, but all the rest of his time was devoted to ministering to his mother. For they were alone in the world, without

kin, and Rubinow never forgot the cause of his mother's illness.

Time and time again he had tried to evolve schemes for making money in order that he might lay by something for the future, but he lacked the money-maker's instinct. Strive as he would, it seemed impossible for him to accomplish more than the routine of his day's work, which brought in only bare revenue enough to keep himself and his mother alive. Of the grandeur of the world and all its strife and all its tragedies and its comedies he knew only the sweat-shop, the synagogue, and the two dreary rooms that were his home. Of all the joy and glory of life he knew only the wan smile of pleasure that illumined his mother's pale face when he sat down beside her bed and read to her the songs of David. For he, too, was named David, and in her heart of hearts he, too, was a king in Israel. And so life went with Rubinow until—until—

Her name was Giza. She was not beautiful. A childhood of privation had done its irreparable work upon her frame and left her emaciated and anemic. But deep in her great brown eyes there glowed the lustrous light of a beautiful soul, a soul that rose triumphant above the ills and



"OPPRESSED BY THE BURDEN OF HIS LIFE AND DISHEARTENED BY WHAT THE FUTURE HELD OUT TO HIM"

cares of life and inhabited its frame as a queen would dwell in a hovel. Rubinow met her on her way to work in the morning, and sometimes, in the warm summer nights, he would tarry on his homeward journey to wait for her, and they would walk together. They had but little to say to each other; in fact, the sense between them was merely that of companionship of two lonely beings. There came a day, however, when she failed to see him. Another day passed and another and so, nearly a week, until, one evening, she met him coming from the synagogue.

"Are you not working any longer?" she asked him.

He smiled at her. "Not in the same place. I am working in the house where I live. It is nearer my mother."

Then it seemed to him as if a veil had dropped from his eyes, and he gazed into hers. The soul within her seemed to radiate and to enfold him in its embrace. A great feeling of gladness came over him, his heart began to beat tumultuously, and a new life swelled up within him. He took her hand, and as he gazed, entranced, into the depths of her eyes she smiled and a great tear rolled down her cheek. They walked hand in hand.

From early morning until late at night Rubinow sat at his machine, with those great dark eyes constantly before him, working like a demon to make headway. He saw but little of her. Not a word of love had been exchanged between them. As a soldier tightens his belt to prepare for battle, Rubinow had drawn tight every fiber of his being to prepare for the greatest struggle of his life. He was the first to reach the sweat-shop in the morning and the last to leave at night. He ate his midday meal at the machine, with one hand guiding the garment under the needle. As he sat by his mother's

bedside at night, he sewed by hand. And, slowly, he forged ahead. When the week's end came he began to find that there was a tiny surplus, and, week by week, this surplus grew until there was enough of it to deposit in a bank. And then, a sudden turn in his mother's condition, the daily attendance of a physician until the crisis was passed, delicate food and costly medicine,

and, as a snowflake vanishes in mid-air, Rubinow's meager savings disappeared. They were the savings of nearly a year. Yet he began again, and after another year was able to open a new bank-account. But this, too, went the way of the other, all in a week. Giza's wonderful eyes shone upon him with all their glorious light, the light of a great, undaunted spirit unsullied by the dross of earth—but all else was gloom.



"THE SOUL WITHIN HER SEEMED TO RADIATE AND TO ENFOLD HIM IN ITS EMBRACE"

Pietro, who came each night to take the finished garments from the sweat-shop to the store where they were sold, had

sent word that he was ill and could not come, and the sweater asked Rubinow to take his place. It was while upon this errand that Rubinow, for a brief instant, had obtained a glimpse of a life whose existence he had never dreamed of before. Its brilliancy had almost stunned him. How happy those people were! How cheerful and warm that brightly lighted place seemed in contrast with his sweat-shop and his home! They were rich people, undoubtedly—else they would be working instead of eating and drinking and listening to such heavenly music. And oh! the strains of that beautiful melody! He could clearly hear the words. Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! Why could he not sit there with them and taste the joys of life?

How gloriously Giza's eyes would shine if he could but bring her here to listen to that

music! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! What a sad strain ran through that melody! Ah! She would love to hear it! The door suddenly opened wide, and he obtained one dazzling, comprehensive view of the scene. The next moment the door was closed, and he was alone with the night's storm.

As he sat in his room that night, all his being rebelled against the injustice of fate. Love extended her warm arms to him, yet he must hold back. And there were people in the world who could laugh and sing in brilliantly lighted places and be happy! The struggle of life overwhelmed him. He knew practically nothing of the world's customs, yet some subtle instinct held him from breathing words of love when he could offer nothing more. A sense of his weakness came over him. The care of his mother was the only task his shoulders could bear. Other men cared for their mothers, and yet married and supported an entire household. He could not be as strong as other men; he had but the strength to provide a living for his mother and himself. The thought of choosing between the two women, even the barest reflection that when his mother died his burden would be lightened, never once entered his mind. It was the world-old choice between love and duty, and in making the sacrifice to duty he knew not that it was a sacrifice no one ever dreamed that he was performing a duty. He was but living his life and obeying the instincts of his nature.

Have I led you on to believe that I have a story to tell you? If so, a thousand pardons; there really is no story. As a rule it is only in books that stories have a real plot and round themselves out to a more or less satisfactory ending. In life they go on from day to day, and the more tragic they are the less plot and circumstance do they present. For fate rarely displays the artistic sense. In the case of Rubinow, that brief glimpse

into Elysium had been but a moment's intermission, a mere breathing-spell for fate. The very next day fate took up the reins again and drove him along the old, accustomed path. True, a tiny ray of sunshine had come into his life. That strain of "Santa Lucia" kept running through his head, and when the twilight set in, ere the lamps were lighted for the night, Rubinow, by merely closing his eyes, could see the brilliantly illuminated interior of that wonderful place of which he had obtained a momentary glimpse. Often, when the sweat-shop was busy and all the machines were humming and whirring in unison, they seemed to sing to Rubinow the song of Santa Lucia. But it was only a song.

Summer came and went and winter came again, and they told him that Giza was no more. It was in December—the thirteenth, to be exact—and the snow had carpeted all the city and had quieted the Ghetto's bustling traffic. He thought of the glorious soul that had always shone in the depths of

those dear, brown eyes, of the indomitable spirit that had tenanted that frail body, and even as he worked—for fate was driving hard—the tears rolled down his cheeks and into his beard.



The Neapolitan orchestra in Pasquale's were playing "Santa Lucia" that night as they had played it almost every night since the restaurant was opened. And most of the patrons, joining in the chorus, were singing lustily:

*Cumme se move la luna chiena!
Lu mare ride, l'aria è serena.
Ah! Che facite, mieze alla via?
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!*

Padre Ughetta, the pastor of the Italian church in the heart of Little Italy, with a huge glass of Chianti clutched in his hand, was nodding his head in time to the melody and softly humming it. It brought

Motherhood

back to him a vision of the bay at Naples when the moonbeams fall upon the waves.

"I say, father," questioned a student of local color who sat at an adjoining table. "Who was Santa Lucia, anyway?"

The padre wiped his lips upon his napkin and, with a pleasant smile, explained to his questioner:

"Many, many years ago Lucia—you call her Lucy in English—was a martyr to her

love for her mother. Her mother was sick, and no one seemed able to cure her until Lucia, through her faith, brought about a cure and then gave up her own life."

He spoke with the pleasant accent of an educated Italian feeling his way through a strange language. And suddenly he raised his eyebrows, in surprise.

"Why, let me see! Is not this the thirteenth of December? To be sure! It is Santa Lucia's day."



Motherhood

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

At times I am the mother of the world;
 And mine seem all its sorrows, and its fears.
 That rose, which in each mother-heart is curled,
 The rose of pity, opens with my tears,
 And, waking in the night, I lie and hark
 To the lone sobbing, and the wild alarms,
 Of my World-child, a wailing in the dark:
 The child I fain would shelter in my arms.
 I call to it (as from another room
 A mother calls, what time she cannot go):
 "Sleep well, dear world; Love hides behind this gloom.
 There is no need for wakefulness or woe,
 The long, long night is almost past and gone,
 The day is near." And yet the world weeps on.

Again I follow it, throughout the day.
 With anxious eyes I see it trip and fall,
 And hurt itself in many a foolish way:
 Childlike, unheeding warning word or call.
 I see it grasp, and grasping, break the toys
 It cried to own, then toss them on the floor
 And, breathless, hurry after fancied joys
 That cease to please, when added to its store.
 I see the lacerations on its hands,
 Made by forbidden tools; but when it weeps,
 I also weep, as one who understands;
 And having been a child, the memory keeps.
 Ah, my poor world, however wrong thy part,
 Still is there pity in my mother-heart.



Drawn From Life

Outline Stories of Real Romance

Sketched from Everyday Existence



The Reversed Decree

By Suzanne Ziegler

THE decree had been signed that morning. Anne, with the gasp for air of one who has been long under water, felt the fetters that had bound her for seven years fall away. Free! The word rang with a new sound full of significance undreamed of in her happy girlhood. Life stretched out long vistas of beauty and joy before her weary eyes, as might a clever salesman tempt tired shoppers with fine fabrics.

All day Anne roved about as one in dreams, disconnectedly, a fever of unrest in her blood. All day the bell rang to announce flowers, congratulations, friends; but toward evening came a lull that was, none the less, full of tense expectancy. Promptly at seven was announced the man whose coming into her life had given her courage for the struggle through which she had just emerged. Without a word he came swiftly to her and took her in his arms.

Later—after a cozy dinner—they sat in the fragrance-freighted room planning to materialize visions. Suddenly from outside a child's voice struck sharply across the soft dusk. "I am not sleepy—I want my mother, I tell you. I am not——" The wail that followed was cut off by the banging of a door in the opposite apartment. With the first sound Anne had started and sat rigidly forward; with the last she sank back in her chair. Her companion had not noted the momentary interruption, but calmly continued explaining the plan for the country-place they were to build. The end of the exposition was in question form. There was no reply. "Don't you think that will be comfy, sweetheart?" he repeated.

Anne stammered: "I'm afraid I did not quite follow you, dear. Tell me again if you

don't mind. I'm so sorry to be stupid."

She struggled to concentrate her thoughts, but in vain; through the happy tones of her lover clamored another voice—one which had been constantly in her ears for five long years.

"Do you like me, mother? I like you, too, and I'm sorry for you—come back, please. I want to hug you and kiss you. Yes, I know I kissed you but I did not hug you I fink."

Desperately Anne realized that again a query waited her reply; but a small arm clung about her throat till she could not speak. With an effort that hurt she flung the phantom from her and threw herself into exaggerated enthusiasm and interest.

Again the boyish voice, forbidden, filled her fancy. "I'm sorry I squeezed sister too hard, mother. I did not mean to. I love sister. I love her little hands and her little feet."

Anne saw that the man she loved was looking at her in perplexity and disappointment. A clock struck ten. She started to her feet.

"Forgive me, dear. I am unstrung—full of nerves—I did not know—it has been more of an ordeal than you realize. Won't you go away now? To-morrow I shall be more sensible, calmer. Be patient with me, dear, and humor me by going now. Forgive me, too. You must not be vexed with me even if I do seem unreasonable."

The door had scarcely closed behind him when Anne was at the telephone. "A cab at once," she ordered and sped to her bedroom. "Bring my tailor gown, Marie," then as she slipped out of her billows of lace she continued: "I shall be back in an hour. Sit by the nursery door till I come. If baby should seem croupy telephone at once for Doctor Lewis. Do not go to sleep." With hurried step she passed into the nursery and bent over the crib for

a moment before going out into the night.

A drive too short to calm her quivering nerves brought her in front of the hotel where the husband who had made her life hideous had taken her boy. With a feeling as of nightmare upon her she found herself in the office asking to see Mr. Fairfax. After a moment's conference through the telephone the clerk asked with obvious curiosity, "What name shall I say, madam?"

"Mrs. Fairfax must see him at once on a matter of importance," answered Anne, pulling herself together with a gesture of pride that had once been habitual.

"Mr. Fairfax says Mrs. Fairfax may step upstairs. Boy." After a few breathless seconds the woman confronted a man who viewed her agitated face with a cynical smile.

"To what urgent need do I owe this honor?" he sneered. Anne looked at her tormentor with hunted eyes but answered simply:

"I must kiss Jamie good night. I could not stay away. He has never gone to bed without my kiss in all his life."

"You should have thought of that earlier, madam," came the cold reply. "He will spend the rest of his life without his mother's kiss."

"I did think of it—God knows I thought of it," protested Anne weakly, "but I did not realize that it would hurt like this. I don't see how I can stand it. Where is he?"

"No," came implacably back to her. "What have you to complain of? You have what you wished—your freedom, your daughter as well. You have convicted me of cruelty. I submitted—but the boy is mine. You have chosen your course. He remains with me."

Anne wavered a step toward an inside door, but Allan Fairfax stepped squarely in front of it. There was no yielding in the stern face. For miserable moments the silence throbbed in Anne's ears and her heart was rent with the struggle. At last she whispered almost inaudibly: "I will come back, Allan. I will do as you wish. I cannot give up my little son."

"Do as I wish? But I wish nothing more from you. What I asked yesterday I certainly do not ask to-day. You have branded me publicly. What is done is done."

"But don't you see that my return would seem to your friends to disprove my charges?" argued Anne feverishly. "They

would say that I had been merely hysterical and changeable; that you were magnanimous. It would remove all possible slurs from your name."

A gleam of gratification shone for an instant in the Englishman's eyes, but he replied: "It is impossible. Jamie and I sail for London to-morrow morning. There is no time to arrange anything of the kind now."

Anne had an instant's agonized vision of a stolid steamer plowing its way with her little child on board, lonely, perhaps ill—the baby for whose life she had nearly given her own, to whose life she had given her own unsparingly through the days and nights since his coming. What could this caloused father give him of love, of care, of comprehension? What would be made of his life under such auspices? A sordid money-grubber? A cold calculator of other men's weaknesses? An unsparing foe?

The mother shivered, was about to speak, when Life—no longer the facile salesman of the early day, but grim, inexorable—unrolled the stretch of arid years before her, full of gloomy shadows, unrecognized sacrifices, stifled hopes, and shattered personality. Her thought leaped to the desolation of the man who loved her. For one moment her soul shuddered away from the sight, then with a gesture of magnificent courage she held out her hands, saying quietly, but with a look at her wrists as if she expected to see manacles appear on them:

"I will sail with you, Allan. I must go where my boy goes. You can remarry me in England. I understand exactly what I am doing. I will make all the concessions I refused before. I will live quietly with your mother and sister and will help them with their work and try to make them like me better. I will not ask for people or gaiety. I will not complain of the way you neglect me. You may go your way and I will go the way you direct—I will not interfere. I only ask for my children—to have them grow up together and to take care of them. That shall content my future. I dare say you are right and it is all a woman should expect."

The man had watched the struggle with cold curiosity. At the end of her appeal he nodded his head curtly.

"Very well. On such conditions I will give you another chance, but mind you live up to your fine promises. When you fail

again you shall lose both children, for you will find England less lenient to your follies than is America, I assure you. We sail at ten to-morrow. You may meet us on the ship. Go now and get your traps together."

With formal courtesy he opened the door. Silently Anne left the room. The decree had been reversed.

The Man Who Couldn't Be Honest

By Charles P. Norcross

FURLONG pushed open the swinging baize doors leading into the office of the state superintendent of insurance. He shouldered his way into the room with the assurance of a man perfectly confident of his premises. A long black cigar stuck out of one corner of his mouth at an aggressive angle. His hat was pushed back on his head, and his round ruddy face beamed good humor.

Small of stature, immaculate as to dress, well upholstered as to flesh, and with a restless activity as to movement, Furlong was one of the familiar figures around the state Capitol. He was a star member of that mysterious organization known as the "Third House." He was never seen around the senate chamber or assembly corridors, but no one knew the members better. He knew each man's antecedents, his personal characteristics and habits, his affiliations and business connections. Where he acquired all the data at his finger tips it would have puzzled even his closest friends to explain. He was a man of convivial habits. He was fond of horses, and was a constant visitor at the metropolitan race-tracks. He would stay up all night, and was always the center of interest in any group he might be in. He could drink long and deep, and never did his brain become befogged or his tongue thick. Many a vagrant dollar, whence it came and its final terminal unrecorded, passed through his hands. He knew the back way into the offices of many of the big corporations. He went about his way serene and loquacious, but never a word dropped from his lips in unguarded moments to tell of his trade. He rather affected an air of indifference even when most busy. And just at this time he was exceptionally busy.

Once inside the room, Furlong cast a hurried glance at the corner where the superintendent's desk was located. He saw that the superintendent was engaged in a low-voiced conversation with a stout, elderly man with a bushy pair of whiskers that indicated rural attachments. His entrance was acknowledged by the superintendent by a slight lifting of the eyebrows, and then he went on with his talk. Furlong stopped, swung around, and gazed with profound interest at an oil-painting of a previous superintendent hanging on the wall. The conference lasted a few moments longer, and then the elderly man rose, shook hands with the superintendent, and passed out of the room.

Furlong stepped over to the superintendent's desk, nodded familiarly, and then said interrogatively,

"That's the new senator from Wyandotte?"

"Yes," replied the superintendent.

"U-m-m-m," said Furlong, and there was a whole world of speculation summed up in the musing ejaculation. There seemed to be perfect understanding between Furlong and the superintendent, who said quietly:

"He don't interest you, Pete. He has his own ideas about things."

Furlong appeared to be lost in a brown study for just a couple of seconds, and then he said hurriedly:

"Well, that may be, Mac, but I want to see him just the same. Where does he live?"

"Over at the Albion," said the superintendent, "but I have known him all my life, and it ain't worth your while."

"Maybe not," replied Furlong incisively, "but I want to have a talk with him. There is another matter I want to see you about, but I will return later. S'-long," and he brushed out of the room.

The new senator from Wyandotte had hardly reached his room in the hotel before Furlong's card came to him. Matthew Stanley Gates, senator from Wyandotte, was a new man in the legislature, but he had not attained the ripe age of sixty-two without learning discretion. He was the rich man of his local town. He was president of the bank, a director in the water company, a deacon in the church, and his home was the finest in the small place. He knew Furlong by reputation, and as he fingered the card he hesitated. He seemed to be in doubt whether he should see Furlong,

The Man Who Couldn't Be Honest

but after a moment's deliberation he said, "Tell the gentleman I will see him."

A moment later Furlong was ushered into the room. He came in with the old style of assurance and smiled cordially. He put out his hand and said cheerily:

"Well, Senator, I wanted to know you. I have heard a whole lot about you, and I think the legislature is to be congratulated upon having you as a member."

Senator Gates bowed stiffly and closed his lips firmly. He made no reply, but waited courteously attentive. Furlong's beady little eyes roved restlessly over the room for a moment, and then he plunged right at the heart of things.

"Senator," he commenced, "I suppose you have heard of the Wiley bill to grant additional franchises to the Intermural Street Railway Company in the annexed district. Well, I am interested to see that the bill becomes a law. We believe that the road should have this right. Its connections and mileage are such that it is a better feeder for the district than any other road. It is willing to pay a fair return for the right. All I want to do is to lay the matter before you. If you think it is right I know you will vote for it. If you think it is wrong you will vote against it. I know that nothing will influence you but your individual judgment. All I ask is that we be given a hearing."

The senator's lips relaxed, he became cordial. Then he said:

"Mr. Furlong, I was led to believe that you used sinister methods to influence legislation and legislators. I am greatly pleased at the fair and open manner in which you have spoken to me. I will give the matter my attention and will let you know my decision within a day or so."

Furlong shook hands with the senator and left the room. He paused at the entrance to the elevator to light a cigar. Then he suddenly threw his head back, gave an inaudible chuckle, and winked portentously at the stucco ceiling. Two days later Senator Gates met Furlong on the street. They exchanged pleasant greetings, and then the senator said:

"Mr. Furlong, I have decided to vote for your bill. I believe that your principals are honest and sincere and are entitled to consideration."

That night the name of Senator Gates appeared in a private memorandum-book in a safe in a small office in the rear of a preten-

tious banking-house in the financial district of the metropolis. There were certain cabalistic marks after the name which to the initiated meant that Senator Gates would vote "right," and that Furlong was entitled to five thousand dollars for the agreement. It was not to remain so, however. A week later Senator Gates called to see Furlong. Without preamble or apology he blurted out:

"Mr. Furlong, I am not impugning your motives, and I have no desire to impeach your personal honesty in this matter, but I have ascertained beyond any possible doubt that money—and a great deal of money—is being used to secure votes for the passage of the Wiley bill. I promised you to vote for it on its merits. I withdraw that promise. The methods being used are contemptible. Despite the belief I still have that your cause is righteous, the knowledge of methods used compels me to vote against the bill. The fact is generally known that votes are being bought. I cannot lay myself open to the suspicion that I am one of those so influenced."

Furlong received this information in silence. He shifted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. Then an amused twinkle came in his eye, and he said:

"Senator, I have been honest with you. Possibly you don't know as much about what a corporation has to contend with as others do. I will not deny that money is being used, but not half the money is being used to pass the bill that is being used to defeat it. The National Street Car Company, which wants that franchise itself, is using money to defeat it. Whether you vote for or against it means nothing so far as the money question is concerned. If you wished you could get money for your vote either for or against the bill."

Senator Gates's face expressed astonishment at the information conveyed. He threw his head back as if to speak and opened his mouth. Then his teeth clicked together, and he dropped his head as if in a brown study. He gazed at Furlong with a searching look. Finally he said in a choked voice:

"Mr. Furlong, you astound me, but I thank you. I did not realize that such depths of infamy existed. It is a bad situation. I see no alternative. I will decline to vote when the proposition comes up. I shall not be in my seat. I wish to say again

that I thank you for your candor and—I wish you good day,” and the eminent senator, his face still betraying his astonishment, bolted from the room. Long after he had left Furlong gazed abstractedly through the smoke of his cigar. Finally his face broke into a smile that wrinkled his frosty cheeks and tipped his mouth at a curious angle. Then he rose, shook himself, laughed once more, and went downtown and into a bank which had street-car affiliations. He passed into the rear room and was cordially greeted by a gray-haired man who carefully closed the door after him. That night Gates’s name disappeared from the private memorandum-book in the financial district of the metropolis.

It was the day of the vote on the Wiley bill. Both the Intermural and the National Company had their supporters lined up. When Senator Gates’s name was called he did not answer. Again the clerk called. Again there was no answer. Then the clerk went on. The final vote showed a victory for the Intermural people. Furlong, downstairs in the corridor of the Capitol, had the news brought him by a messenger. A smile of good nature wreathed his face. He passed down the long hallway and pushed open the door leading into the room of the superintendent of insurance. The superintendent was not in. Alongside his desk Senator Gates was seated waiting for him. He nodded stiffly toward Furlong. The latter stopped; then his big cigar was given a nervous shift to the opposite corner of his mouth, and he ducked his head with a sudden little jerk such as was characteristic of him when he had reached a decision. He walked over toward Senator Gates, and as he walked he extracted a five-hundred-dollar bill from his vest pocket and clutched it tightly in his right hand. When he reached the senator he put his hand out cordially and said,

“How do you do, Senator?”

The senator made some matter-of-fact reply and grasped the outstretched hand. When Furlong withdrew his hand the five-hundred-dollar bill remained in the hand of the senator. The latter looked at it wonderingly. Then he stammered,

“What is this for?”

Furlong gave another chuckle; once more the cigar got a nervous twist, and he said with a grin, but in jerky tones:

“Wiley bill, you know. Got you that as an absentee not voting.”

Then he turned and walked briskly out of the door, leaving the stupefied and amazed senator reflecting absolute bewilderment in every feature of his face. As he swung through the door he met the superintendent coming in. His only greeting was:

“S’-long, Mac. Your Sunday-school class is waiting for you to explain a problem.”

The Submerged White

By Bunker Kluegel

THE steamer from Honolulu was several hours late, and when she finally poked her black prow around the headland to the north, Charley Curtis was asleep on the beach.

Regularly, once a week, he came down to the wharf with his wheelbarrow for the mail, and while the *Kinai* lay at anchor and the passengers and baggage were being hustled ashore, he exchanged greetings with Buckley and talked over the news. Not that he ever had much to say. The town of Kawaihae was a mere name, and the monotonous life of the outlying ranches afforded little occasion for comment of any sort. But Buckley, in his official rôle of purser, was a connecting link with the outside world and thoroughly enjoyed the prestige of his position.

Then there was the woman, Kawiki, who made periodic trips to the capital and returned with the gossip of the native world. Curtis’s generosity in allowing her these outings created comment, and Buckley made it a personal matter to hunt her up and bring her back on schedule time.

The shrill whistle of the steamer aroused Curtis and sent men and women scurrying from the shade of the trees to the wharf. This was the occasion of one of Kawiki’s reluctant but triumphal returns, and Curtis waited until the first boat had come ashore before moving. Then he started slowly down to the wharf.

The native women were still exchanging guttural grunts and rubbing noses, but the glory of Kawiki’s presence was beginning to affect them. Even the half-dozen Japanese brushing past stopped for a second look at the red *holoku* trimmed in white, with its long train, and the crowning splendor of a new hat with blue and red ribbons

The Submerged White

and a feather. Below were shoes with shiny leather over the toes.

"Aweh! Kawiki wearing shoes!"

Nevertheless there they were.

"Hello, Kawiki," Curtis called as he set down his wheelbarrow. "What'd you bring me—anything?"

She bore down on him in glory and kissed him instead of rubbing his nose. "Show you by and by," she answered. Then she went back to the women.

A second boat brought Buckley. "That you, Charley? How are you? Well, I brought your wahine back all right. She didn't much want to come though. Had a time getting her. How's Kawaihae?"

"Same as ever."

"Telephone working?"

"'Twas all right an hour ago. Want to ring up Hilo?"

The two men started down the wharf followed by a group of hangers-on.

Kawaihae seems pretty bad to anyone who comes ashore from the steamer for a half-hour. There are two adobe buildings, a Chinese restaurant, and a few shacks. Poles carrying a single wire connect the landing with the ranches, and between stretch brown, dry slopes, where nothing grows but wild ilima. However, the crudenesses of the place did not bother Buckley. He had been casting anchor there once a week for twenty-odd years, and the fact that it offered a convenient landing-place for smuggled opium tended to soften his judgment. It also served to vary the monotony of his brief stay, and these personal concessions, together with the telling of news and the handling of business, served to keep him occupied.

When he came back to the wharf the last boat was ready to shove off. At his shout the stragglers hurriedly jumped in. Two Chinamen looked anxiously at the boat and then at their feet. The purser gave them a shove and down they went. A fat Portuguese woman with rolling eyes ejaculated, "I'm so scare!" and the young fellows who had staged it from one of the plantations got in without fuss.

"Anderson will be here for a load of cattle next week," called Buckley, as the boat pulled out. The watchers on shore waited till it passed through the channel in the coral reef to deep water and was finally hoisted to the davits.

A couple of hours later, when the *Kinau* was far on her way down the coast, Charley

Curtis stood in his door looking hard at a small envelope. His face was not pleasant to see. Around the edge of the shaven hair the skin was white, but it darkened quickly on the forehead and roughened into deep wrinkles. Bluish eyes were set in yellow, bloodshot eyeballs. A brown-gray mustache and imperial spread over cheek and skin into a six days' stubble, and the lines about the mouth showed hard as he shifted his cigarette.

The sea-breeze of the late afternoon was dropping the yellow pods of the algarroba, and Curtis shifted them back and forth with his bare knotted toes as he stood looking down at the little envelope.

It contained a note written in fine, old-fashioned hand. The writer was sure the letter would reach "dear Charley," for he must be living in the same place as when that last letter came five years ago. And if he was not, no great matter, for she and father were coming out to find him. Things had gone well on the farm. The crops of five years had added to their savings, so now they could be there to spend Thanksgiving with him. She was proud of her boy who was postmaster of his town, but she knew he would be lonely in his snug little cottage. He had written last time that he had never married, so the mother was coming to keep house for him.

Curtis folded the letter and looked around the room. Officially, it was the United States Post-Office of Kawaihae. A row of pigeonholes above a table, a small safe, two mail-pouches—these were the department. By his chair was a pair of shoes to be put on over sockless feet when the whistle sounded, slipped off as he returned to the room, and dumped beside the mail-bags. Hanging on a nail by the telephone was a coat. He had used it a good deal lately—the cough had made the warm rains seem chill.

From the room he looked out the door to the "snug little cottage that must be lonely." The path went winding about stones and dried mud-holes to the shack that stood high off the ground. Chickens settled down comfortably under it, away from the heat, and pecked at the chips of whitewash. There were dingy curtains at the windows, and a door between was painted blue. On the steps sat Kawiki, her black hair falling over a red *holoku*, her brown feet showing beneath the hem, and the smell of her pipe strong on the air.

He smoked through two cigarettes, and the look on his face was not good. Then he turned and came into the office. From the shelf he took down a bottle and half filled a tin cup, slowly, calculating as he poured out the muddy, strong-smelling stuff. It would take him an hour to finish the mail and write the letter. By drinking at frequent intervals and with the start he already had, he would be ready in just about that time to stretch out on the floor. The awa root the woman made was a good thing. At first taste it had seemed sickening stuff, overpowering in its strength and disgusting because of the filthy way it was made. But that was years ago when he was all white. Now he was grateful for its strength. Whiskey could have small place in the living of twenty dollars a month for himself, the woman, and her child. Any way the awa root was better. It was fearfully raw and dirty, but it did the business—got him there quicker and made him stay longer.

He went over to the safe and from out a bundle of official-looking papers pulled a plain envelope. In it were two photographs, and he laid them side by side and looked at them for a long time.

The cards were mildewed, but the faces were still clear—one young and smiling with steady, dark eyes, the other womanly, tender with lines of love and care. On one was traced with faded ink the word "Mother." But even as he started to read the lines on the other, he turned them both back. Still looking at the faces, he reached for a candle, lighted it, and over its flame scorched away the writing he had not read. Holding the picture with a pair of pincers,

he watched it go until it was only a blackened crisp. He picked up the other more slowly, held it, watched it char and scorch along the lower edge, then up to the picture itself. Then with a quick motion he pulled it from the flame, dropped it to the table, and bringing his fist down hard saved it from destruction. The face was still there, and the one word on the back had not been burned away. And then because the bit of white that was still in him stirred too uncomfortably, he put the picture in the envelope and reached out for the cup. It braced him, and he went at the writing and stayed at it till the work was finished. He looked at the page with grim satisfaction. He felt a certain pride in having risen to the occasion.

It was only a short letter from Fred Sand-er—it had taken time to think of a name that didn't belong to anyone in the islands.

"... Awfully sorry, but Charley was thrown from his horse the week before the letter came—only lived a few hours. Is there anything that his friends in the islands can do? They all liked him mightily, and he had done so well."

He gave the letter a final reading, folded it, and made it ready for its journey. Tomorrow it would go down to the capital to wait for a steamer, then cross an ocean and a continent to a small Vermont town.

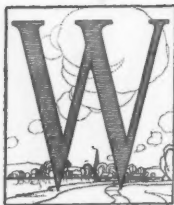
He shivered. The room seemed cold, and he dragged himself up and got into the old coat. When he had finished putting up the mail he took a last long drink of the raw stuff in the cup. The work done, he dropped his head and dozed. As the lethargy deepened, he slid to the floor. Mechanically he pulled a grain-sack under his head and sank into a heavy sleep.



Stage Folk Merely Puppets

ONLY IN LATIN COUNTRIES DO WE FIND THE ART OF ACTING VALUED ABOVE THE ACTOR. IN FRANCE AND ITALY REAL DRAMA OBTAINS, AND THE PLAYERS ARE HARD-WORKING MUMMERS

By Alan Dale



WHENEVER I read, as I frequently do, of the susceptible maiden who yearns to meet the fascinating actor off the stage, I realize the superiority of the old long-dead notion that relegated the actor to the ranks of the vagrant. In those days the actor made amusement for the public. He was the gay Lothario on the stage only. After his work was over, he was merely a prowling entertainer. While I should not like to see him cast back into that unenlightened condition, I must nevertheless confess that there are times when for the sake both of the public and the drama such a state would be very nearly preferable.

The modern actor acts more effectively off the stage than he does on it. The result is that silly women bombard him with their febrile attentions, that foolish girls cherish his photographs, that he is sought after as though he were one of the illustrious products of the age, and that his art suffers very distinctly and very persistently. He poses in the "off stage" lime-light. His "off stage" doings are chronicled in the daily papers; his personality is starred while that of worthier people is hidden beneath the happy bushel, and his ego—but not his art—is enormously magnified.

We have quite recently had the case of an actor who seemed to suffer from variation of the leading lady. We have been dosed with this *ad nauseam*, just as though it were necessary for us to monkey with the machinery of our amusements. The actor in question had loomed up as eccentric, and there were not wanting those willing to assign his ugly little peccadillos to the "eccentricity of genius." No genius was visible in his stage work; there was no

symptom of it in anything that he offered. But the four beautiful ladies who, at various times, had left his company (and why shouldn't they?) gave him just the coveted little touch of cerebral oddity that you couldn't possibly find in his work.

Another actor who affects the "society racket" always makes it a point of being "among those present" at the horse show or other swagger functions. No list of society "celebrities" is ever complete without his name. Possibly he likes the little luminous tinge that he acquires in this way. It has nothing whatsoever to do with his acting powers, but in the peculiar condition of the drama to-day, his manager will tell you that this pose does no harm; on the contrary that it has a distinct money value.

You know all about the actor to-day. Many a girl who, for the life of her, would be unable to say if a "star" played Hamlet according to tradition, or after his own light, knows for a certainty if he be married, if he have children, if he be living happily. She can probably tell you all about his father and his mother, or his uncle and his aunt; in some cases she has an inkling as to the amount of his salary. All this is the very perversion of the dramatic idea, that puts the cart before the horse and stars the effect ahead of the cause. Into our midst we let loose a seething rush of Romeos, Hamlets, Orlandos, and Benedicks, accepting them at their own estimate, and gallantly permitting them to foist themselves upon us.

The few actors who, in their dignity, hold themselves aloof and decline to cater to the curiosity of the uneducated, are not the popular actors. I have in mind one actor of great power, an artist of purest ray serene, who wraps himself around in a mantle of reserve, and is consequently comparatively slighted by the unthinking. Undoubtedly if he made a merry-andrew of himself, ap-

peared more conspicuously in public, fought occasionally with a leading lady, or rebuked the public religiously, his box-office popularity would be greater. That, however, he declines to do. He is absolutely unknown except as an actor. I will not mention his name, as it is scarcely necessary to do so.

Gossip on the subject of actors is looked upon as particularly toothsome. Sometimes it is amusing enough, though its harmful effect is certain. Gossip on the subject of acting is the real beneficial thing, but this is rarer. At teas and at social functions, the domestic life of the mummer, his ideas, his sayings, his peculiarities are the morsels that are tickling to the palate. Then we are surprised when silly girls, devoid of all talent, rush off to be great actresses, and women whose assured mission in life is to make puddings, suddenly discover in themselves the unmistakable attributes of genius. It is not a case of "*cherchez la femme*" but of "*cherchez l'homme*." In nine cases out of ten it is some approaching masculine "star" who is responsible for it all.

My idea is, and I have always tried to follow it out consistently, that the people of the stage, dancing for our amusement, should be looked upon as mere puppets—marionettes. People have often asked me how I could write such cruel things about certain people. Did I not know that the actor I have just censured was awfully good to his mother and was expensively educating his dear little sister? Was I not aware that the Romeo I disapproved of last night had just recovered from a very painful operation? Had nobody told me that if Mr. Blank failed in the rôle I had just excoriated, he intended abandoning the stage and going into business?

Now I don't think that my heart is harder than that of the average citizen. My mission in life is not to make people miserable. But, long ago, I made up my mind that I had a certain duty to perform, and that to perform it properly it was necessary for me to view the men and women of the stage as puppets. It was essential that I should shut their private lives from my vision. If the gentleman I saw playing Hamlet was freighted with the awful burden of lifting the mortgage from the paternal farm, that was his business and not mine. Mine was merely to regard him as an actor, entering the lists with other actors. I may have allowed myself to hope that his performance

would be good (even that was an unpardonable luxury) but if I didn't like it—well, I was watching a marionette.

This has been indescribably difficult. It has been the hardest job of my life. So many misguided actors have written me letters explaining this and setting forth that. Years ago, I should have been done for, if I had not persistently kept before me the one word "puppet." Gradually my scheme worked. To-day I can go to the theater and say my little say without a qualm. Formerly I used to worry myself and consider that I was either a benefactor or a malefactor. Now I know that I am neither and could be neither. The business behind the footlights is to me just a show. Do the actors and actresses dance well, as the playwright pulls the wires? I try to answer to the best of my ability. I forget that Miss So-and-So has written me that a favorable notice will mean everything to her, as she is trying to help a husband who lost his fortune in Wall Street. I exclude from my mind that the villain has been paying all his poor salary for the maintenance of an invalid wife in the hospital.

This is terribly necessary. It makes the lot of a critic a most ungrateful one, but I have comforted myself with the thought that most callings have their drawbacks. Even the merry hod-carrier has to bother himself about the weather; the opulent plumber has to reason with the ranks of tardy labor. So I look upon my occasional, seeming inhumanity as one of the crosses of a life that is not the proverbial bed of roses.

Also, I should like others, non-critics, to emulate my example. It would be better for them, and better for the art they pretend to cherish. Why should the too personal note obtrude itself upon the people of the stage? Why should Romeo be tracked to his lair? Why should not Orlando be permitted to go quietly home and lose himself in unillumined domesticity with Mrs. Orlando and the little Orlandos? We do not intrude upon the private lives of the novelist, the lawyer, and the artist. They do more for their country than does the actor. They are, as a rule, better educated, more intelligent, more replete with "faith, hope, and charity."

Very often a dramatic issue founders in a sea of personal gossip. Quite frequently the actor is the man instead of the artist. Sometimes our stage favorites are those whose lives appeal to us, quite apart from their artistic work. It is not necessary for us to

Stage Folk Merely Puppets

ask for a certificate of respectability with any actor. We do not, or should not, be concerned with what he is and does when he is away from that little lighted square that we call "behind the footlights." It is there and there alone that we want him. The real artist should discourage any effort to oust him from that position. He should take as much pride in disenchanting the personal-note seeker, as David Garrick took in rendering himself personally objectionable to Ada Ingot. There should be an association of actors to render this thing possible, and to put themselves upon a plane of dignity that would pay in the long run. It would not be an easy thing to accomplish, nor would such a scheme be executed suddenly. But if the germ of the idea could be successfully placed, the result would be utopian.

The ego of the actor has been terribly inflated by the adulation wasted, not upon his art, but upon his personality. To see him prowl on Broadway is one of the gorgeously ludicrous characteristics of the times, and to watch him at a supper-restaurant carefully trying to avoid being not seen is an event that must appeal to any sense of humor. Everything he does is an "ad," and he knows it; he is in the lime-light all the time, and he cannot help the evil effects of such a pose.

The fact that actors have been "made" by advertisement will be held up against my theory. But they have not been "made" as actors; rather have they been marred. They have been "made" as personalities, and that is about all we get to-day. We get no more actors; merely a bevy of more or less agreeable personalities. It is the personalities that we go to see, not the actors and sometimes not the play. Have you ever attended a so-called "professional matinée" and watched the groups of personalities acting in the boxes, the orchestra, and the lobby of the house—acting harder than they ever act on the stage, and with precisely the same results?

There should be no advertised "professional matinées." The actor should go unobtrusively to see any performance that is likely to do him good. It is not necessary to tell the public when he is going, so that he has to act all the time he is watching others doing the same thing. In fact, the actor

should "make himself scarce"—which he is not likely to do so long as we foster in him the belief that he is the most joyous feature of the age. We have lived out our little prejudices with a vengeance. We have taken to our bosom the erstwhile "vagrant" who used to cut up capers to amuse us. Our adulation of the actor is no sign that we adulate the drama. We tolerate the drama for the sake of the actor. That is how the scheme has worked. The drama itself has not prospered; it could not conceivably do so. In countries where the actor is not very much more than he used to be, far better dramatic results are obtained. Look at the company recently brought to the Lyric Theater, New York, by Ermete Novelli, and note the collection of fine, versatile actors able to appear in a dozen different plays within the short space of two or three weeks. Those were actors and not personalities. Those were well-disciplined artists and not sensational little advertisements posing both on and off the stage. The Italian actors are hard workers whose lives are devoted to the rigor of their calling. They do not belong to the "pink tea" brand, the doings of which are carefully collected and paraded in the public prints. There is a just difference between the actor and the personality.

The unthinking boys and girls of this country who are so incessantly crazy for the life of the stage see in it only that which they are taught to see. They see the jollity, the popularity, and the adulation of it. They want to become famous, as every actor fondly thinks that he is as soon as he is notorious. It is the easiest thing in the world for an actor to be notorious to-day. But it is quite another thing to be famous; and to-day that does not seem to be necessary. The box-office winners are those freighted with notoriety, who have posed consistently for their unduly affectionate public.

It is very much the same in England as it is in this country. There it is the advertised familiarity with royalty that makes the actor. It is his judicious invitations to swagger country-houses that discovers his "art." Only in the Latin countries do we find acting valued above the actor. In France and in Italy we get real drama, with the actor as the hard-working puppet.

And perhaps one day we shall get it here.



CECILE BRETON AS TRIXIE CLAYTON IN "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"



ELSA RYAN AS DOLLY MUGGS IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE GRAND MOGUL"



VIRGINIA HARNED IN A NEW DRAMATIZATION OF TOLSTOY'S NOVEL, "ANNA KARÉNINA"



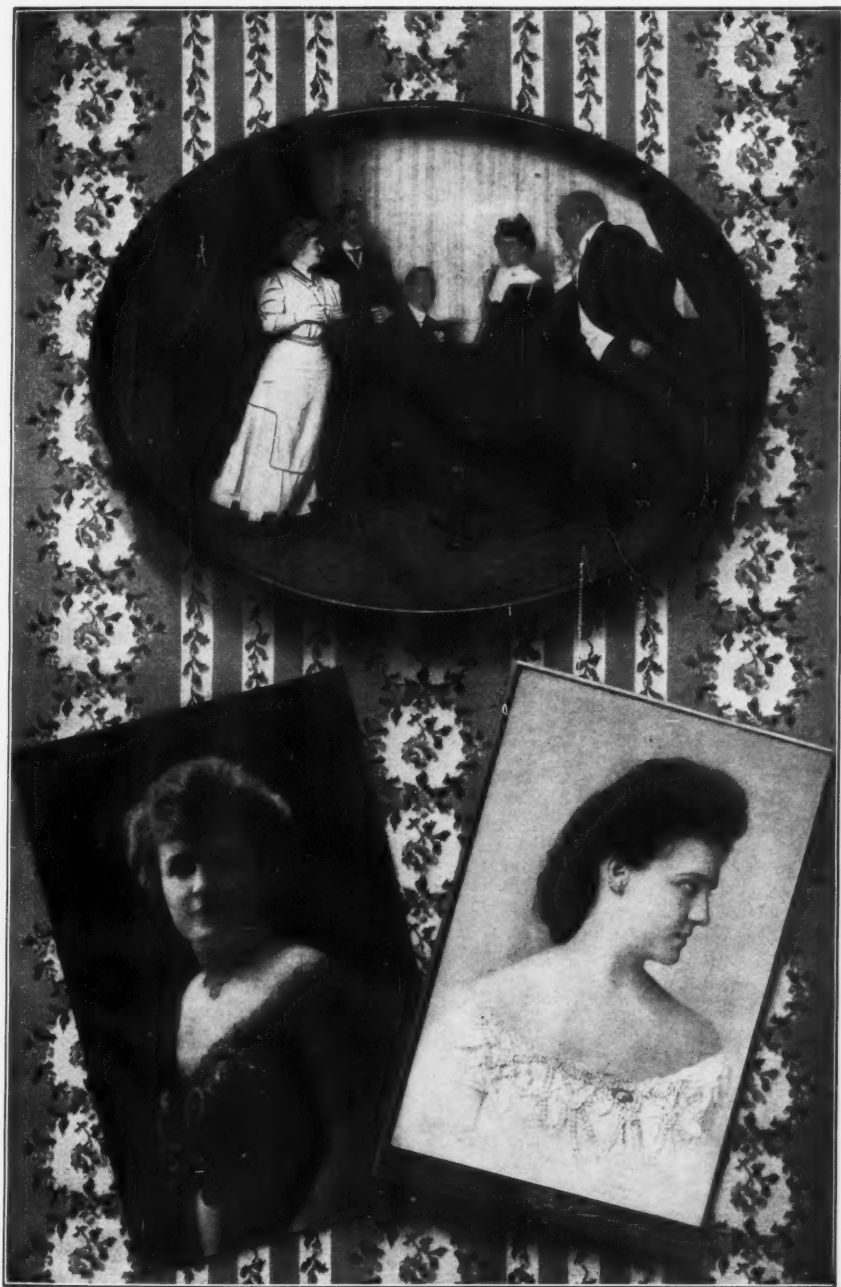
SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF JOHN GALSWORTHY'S PLAY, "THE SILVER BOX,"
AND PORTRAIT OF ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING
RÔLE AS MRS. JONES, THE CHARWOMAN



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE WHITE HEN,"
AND PORTRAIT OF LOTTA FAUST, WHO PLAYS THE
PART OF LIZA SOMMER



SCENE FROM ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S DRAMA, "THE RECKONING," AND PORTRAITS OF PHYLLIS RANKIN AND KATHERINE GREY, WHO PLAY THE LEADING RÔLES



SCENE FROM "THE AMBITIOUS MRS. ALCOTT" AND PORTRAITS OF DOROTHY DORR AS
MRS. ALCOTT AND JULIA TAYLOR AS ALICE PIERCE



MARY MANNERING AND ROBERT WARWICK IN RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG'S
NEW COMEDY, "GLORIOUS BETSY"



"CARLOTA! Y' SEE, SHE'S AWFUL PRETTY"

A Run for Material

By. Eleanor Gates

Illustrated by Franklin Booth



DEAR me suz!" says Hair-Oil Johnson, standin' in Dutchy's an' peerin' acrost the street towards the depot; "w'at blamed funny things I see when I ain't got no gun!"

Course, we all stam-peded over t' Hair-Oil, an' took a squint. "Wal, when did *that* blow in?" says Bill Rawson. An', "Oh, ketch me whilst I faint!" goes on one of the Lazy X boys, makin' b'lieve as if he was weak in the laigs. The res' of us jus' haw-hawed.

A young feller we'd never seen afore was comin' cater-corners fr'm the station. He was a slim-Jim, kinda salla complected, jaw clean scraped, an' he had on a pair of them

tony pinch-bug spectacles. He was rigged out fit t' kill—gray store-clothes, dicer same color as the suit, sky-blue shirt, socks tat-tooted green, an' gloves. He passed clost, not lookin' our direction, an' made for the Arnaz rest'rant.

Jus' as he got right in front of it, he come short an' begun readin' the sign that 's over the door—

MEALS 25C.

START IN AN' IT'S A HABIT
YOU CAN'T QUIT

Then we seen him grin like he was turrible tickled, an' take out a piece of paper t' set somethin' down. Nex', in he slides.

A Run for Material

We all drew back an' lined up again. "Not a sewin'-machine agent or he'd 'a' wore a duster," says Hair-Oil. "An' a patent-medicine man would 'a' had on a stovepipe," adds Bergin, the sheriff. "May-pe he iss a preacher," puts in Dutchy, lookin' scairt as the dickens. "Nixey," I says. "But if he was a drummer, he'd 'a' steered straight for a thirst-parlor."

Missed it a mile, the hull of us. Minnit, an' in run Sam Barnes, face redder'n a danger-signal. "Boys," he says, all up in the air, "did y' see it? Wal, w'at d' you think—it's fr'm Boston, an' it writes. I was at the Arnaz feed-shop, gassin' Carlota, when it sashayed in. Said it was down here for the first time in a-a-all its life, an' figgers t' work this town for book mawterial. Gents, it's a liter'toor sharp!"

"Of all the gall!" growls Ole Man Hart, gittin' hot. "Goin' t' take a shy outen us!" An' I seen that some of the other boys felt like he did. Buckshot Milliken spit in his han's. "I'll go over," he says, "an' settle that dude's hash. I'd admire t' do it."

I haided him off quick. Then I faced the bunch. "Gents," I begun, "don't git in a sweat. Consider this subjec' a little 'fore you ac'. Sam, I thought you liked t' read liter'toor books."

Sam hauled out "Stealthy Steve"—a fav'rite of hisn. "Shore I do," he answers. "But, as I tole this Boston feller, no liter'toor's been happenin' in Briggs lately—no killin's or train hole-ups."

"That's right, Sam," I says, sarcastic; "go an' switch him over to Goldstone—when they won't be another book-writer stray down this way for a coon's age. Say! You got a haid like a tack."

Sam dried up. I come back at the boys. "Gents," I continued, "don't you see this is Briggs City's one big chanst—the chanst t' git put in red letters on the railroad maps, t' git five square-mile of this mesa staked out into town lots? You all know how we've had t' take the slack of them jayhawk farmers over Cestos way, an' they ain't such a much, an' can't raise nothin' but shin-oak an' peanuts. But they tell how we git all the cyclones an' rattlesnakes, that's bred in the territory. Now, we'll curl they hair. Listen, gents: Oklahomy City 's got ceement streets, Guthrie 's got a Carniggie lib'rary, an' Bliss 's got the 101 Ranch. An' *we're goin' t' cabbage this book!*"

"Wal, that's a hoss of another color," admits Ole Man Hart.

"Yes," says Buckshot; "Alec's right. We certainly got to atten' to this visitor that 's come to our enterprisin' city, an' give him a fair shake."

"But," puts in Sam, "we're up a tree. Where's his mawterial?"

"Mawterial?" I says. "I don't jus' savvy w'at he means by that. But, boys, w'atever it is, we got t' see that he gits it. Now, s'posin' I go fin' him an' sorta feel 'roun' a little."

They was agreed, an' I lit out for the rest'rant. Boston was there, all right, talkin' to Ole Lady Arnaz (but keepin' a' eye peeled towards Carlota), an' pickin' the shucks offen a tamale. I set down an' ast for flapjacks. An' whilst I was waitin', I sized him up.

Clost to, I liked his look. An' fr'm the jump I seen one thing—they wasn't no showin' off to him, an' no extra dawg, or he wouldn't 'a' come to a joint where meals is only two bits. He was a book-writer, but when he talked he didn't use no ten-dollar-a-dozen words. An', in place of seegars, he smoked cigareets—an' rolled 'em hisself, with one han', by Jingo!

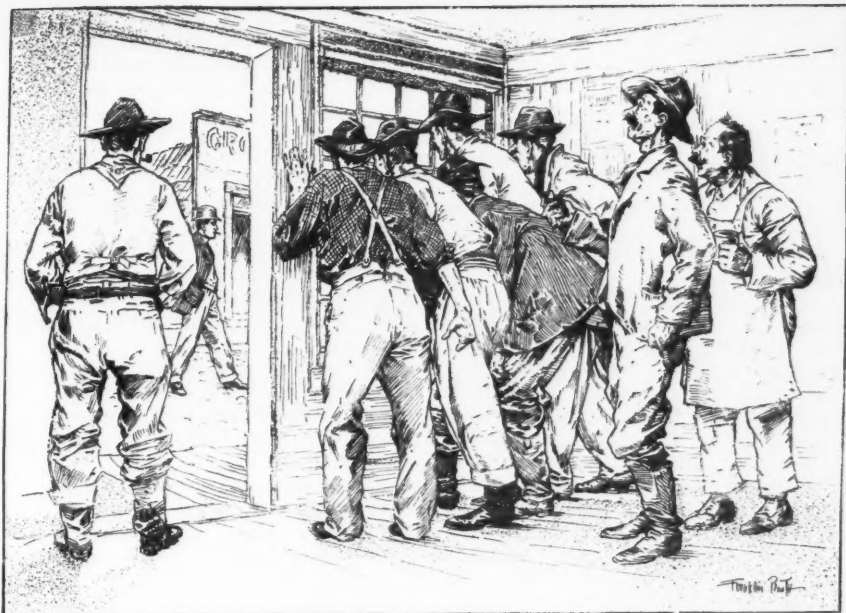
Wal, we had a nice, long parley-voo, me gittin' the hull sitawaytion as regards his book, an' tellin' him we'd shore lay ourselves out t' help him—if we didn't it wouldn't be hospitable an' it wouldn't be white—him settin' down things ev'ry oncet in a while, or whittlin' a stick with one of them self-cockin' jack-knives.

When I got back t' the boys again, I opened up. "The hull kit an' boodle of you has got t' come in on this game," I begun. "The liter'toor gent says: 'Jus' now the readin' public seems t' be takin' a lot of interes' in the Wes'. Don't reckon the fashion 'll keep up, but, a-course, a book-writer has t' foller the market.' So, it's up to us, boys, t' give him w'at 's got to be had afore the excitement dies down. Now, he spoke a good bit 'bout color—"

"They's shore color at the Arnaz feed-shop," puts in Monkey Mike—"them strings of red peppers that the ole lady keeps hung on the walls. An' we can git blue shirts over to Silverstein's."

"No, Mike," I says, "that ain't it. Color is Briggs an' us."

"Oh, punk!" says Sam Barnes. "W'at



"WE ALL STAMPEDED OVER T' HAIR-OIL, AN' TOOK A SQUINT"

kin' of a book's it goin' t' be, anyhow, with us punchers in it!"

"Wait till you hear w'at we got t' do," I answers. "But to continue. He mentioned characters. Course, I had to admit we're kinda shy on them."

"Wisht we had a few Injuns," says Barnes. "A scalpin' makes mighty fine readin'. Now, maybe 'Pache Sam 'd pass—if he was licked up proper."

"Funny," I says, "but he didn't bring up Injuns. Reckon they ain't stylish no more. But he put it plain that he'd got to have a bad man; said in a Western book you allus got t' have a bad man."

"Since we strung up them two Miller boys," says Ole Man Hart, "Briggs ain't had w'at you'd call a bad man. In view of this author comin', I don't know, gents, but w'at we was a little hasty in the Miller matter."

"Wal," I says, "we got t' do our bes' with w'at's lef'. This findin' mawterial for a book ain't no dead open-an'-shut proposition. Briggs ain't big, an' it ain't w'at you'd call bad. That'll hol' us back, but let's dig in an' make up for w'at's lackin'."

Wal, we rustled 'roun'. First off, we

togged ourselves out like I knowed he wanted us. Rounded up all the chaps in town with orders to wear 'em constant—an' make Dutchy keep 'em on, too. Then, guns. Each of us carried six, kinda like a front fringe, y' savvy.

We 'd no more'n got fixed when, "Ssh!" says Buckshot; "here he comes!"

"Quick, boys!" I says, "we got t' sing. It's expected." The sheriff, he struck up—

*"Paddy went to the Chinaman with only one shirt.
How's that?"*

"That's tough!" we hollers, loud 'nough to lif' the shakes.

*"He los' of his ticket, says, 'Devil the worse.'
How's that?"*

"That's tough!"

Mister Boston stopped byside the door. The sheriff goes on—

*"Oh, Pat for his shirt he begged hard an' plead,
But, 'No tickee, no washee,' the Chinaman said.
Now Paddy's in jail, an' the Chinaman's dead!
How's that?"*

"That's tough!"

A Run for Material

It brung him. He looked in, kinda edged through the door, took a bench, an' surveyed them chaps an' them guns till his eyes plumb protruded. "Rippin'!" I heerd him say.

"That's tough!" repeats Monkey Mike, winkin' to the boys. "Wal, I should remark it was—to go t' jail jus' for pluggin' a Chink. That Irishman must 'a' felt like two bits."

Boston leant over towards me. "W'at 's two bits?" he ast.

"W'at's two bits?" says Rawson. "Don't you know? Wal, one bit is w'at you can take outen the other feller's hide at one mouthful. Two bits, a-course, is two of 'em."

Boston begun to kinda talk to hisself. "Horrible!" he says. "Shy Locks, by heaven!" Then to me again, speakin' low an' pointin' at the puncher, "Mister Lloyd, w'at kin' of a fambly did that feller come fr'm?"

"Don't know a hull lot 'bout him," I answers; "but his mother was a squaw an' his father was foun' on a door-step."

"Ah!" he says; "a squaw. That accounts for it." An' he begun to watch the puncher clost.

"Gents, w'at you want for you' supper?" ast the Arnaz boy, comin' our direction.

"I feel awful caved in," answers Buck-shot. "Give me a dozen aigs."

"How'll you have 'em?"

"Boil 'em hard, so's I can take 'em in my fingers. An', say, cool 'em off 'fore you dish 'em up. I got blistered bad the las' time I et aigs."

"Rawson, w'at 'll you have?"

Rawson, he straddled his laigs wide an' kinda cocked one ear. "Oh," he says, easy like, "give me a rattlesnake on toas'."

Nobody cheeped for a minnit, 'cause the boys was stumped for somethin' to go on with. But jus' as I was gittin' nervous that the conversation was peterin' out, Boston speaks up.

"Rattlesnake?" he says. "Did he say rattlesnake?"

Like a shot, Rawson turned towards him, wrinklin' his forrid an' wigglin' his mustache awful fierce. "That's w'at I said," he answers, voice plumb down to his number 'levens.

It give me my show. I drug Boston away. "Gee!" I says. "Out here, when y' remark on folks's eatin', you don't want t' look cheerful."

Wal, that was all the color he got till night, when we had somethin' more prepared. We took up a collection for windaglass, an' Chub Flanagan, who can roll a gun the *pretties* you ever seen, walked up an' down nigh Boston's stoppin'-place, invitin' the fellers t' come out an' "git et up," makin' one or two of us dance the heel-an'-toe when we showed ourselves, an' shootin' up the town gen'ally.

Then, for a week, nothin' happened. Boston showed up at the feed-shop three times a day reg'lar. That struck me as kinda funny, 'cause he was as flush as a Osage chief.

"W'y don't you grub over to the eatin'-house oncet in a while?" I ast him. "They got all kin's of tony stuff—tomatoes an' cucumbers an' sparrowgrass, an' them little toadstool things."

"Out here in the desert?" says Boston. "I s'pose they bring 'em fr'm other places?"

"Not on you' life," says the station-agent. "They grow 'em right here—in flower-pots."

Out come a pencil. "How pictooreque!" Boston says—an' put it down.

En' of the week, I stopped in at the feed-shop, an' foun' Boston on han', as usual, layin' back lazy in a chair an' watchin' Carlota trottin' the supper in. "Wal," I says to him, "book 'bout done?"

He batted his eyes. "Done!" he exclaims. "No. W'y, I ain't got only a few notes."

"Notes?" I says; "notes?" I was kinda disappointed. (It struck me that I was worryin' over that book worse'n he was.) "W'y, say! Couldn't you make nothin' outen that bad man who was a-paintin' the town the other night?"

"Jus' a bad man don't make a book," says Boston; "leastways, only a yalla-back. But take a bad man an' a gal, an you git a novel of adventure."

"Picked on the gal?" I ast.

"They's Carlota," he says. "She'd make a figger for a book."

Yes—Carlota! the little skeezicks! Y' see, she's awful pretty. Hair blacker'n a stack of black cats. Black eyes, too—big an' frien'ly lookin'. (That's where you git fooled; Carlota's a blen' of tiger-cat an' bronc'. She can purr or pitch—take you' choice.) Her face is jus' snow-white, with a little bit of pink—now y' see it, now y'

don't—on her cheeks, an' a little spot of blazin' red for a mouth.

"But w'at I'm after mos' now," he goes on, "is a plot."

A plot, you understan', is a story, an' I got him the bes' I could fin'. This was Buckshot's:

"Boston, this is a blamed enterprisin' country; almos' any ole thing can happen out here. Did you ever hear tell how Nick Erickson got his stone fence? No? You could put that in a book. Wal, you know, Erickson lives eas' of here. Nice hunderd an' sixty acres he's got—level, no stones. Wanted to fence it. Couldn't buy lumber or wire. Figgered on haulin' stone, only stone was so blamed far to haul. Then—nature was a c o m m o d a t i n'. Come a' earthquake that shuk an' shuk theranch. Shuk all the stones to the top. Erickson picked 'em up, an' built the fence."

But Boston was hard t' satisfy. So Hart tried to tell him 'bout Mrs. Bud Hickok, an' how pore Bud was killed.

"No," says Boston, "they is two things them printin' fellers won't stan' for: no heroine that's hitched, an' no sad endin'."

Wal, it looked as if that novel was goin' fluey. To make things worse, the boys begun kickin' 'bout havin' t' pack so many guns. An' I had to git up a notice, signed by the sheriff, to the effec' that more'n two shootin'-irons on any one man wouldn't be 'lowed no more, an' that cityzens was t' shed "forthwith."

I seen somethin' had got t' be done *pronto*, so I called the boys t'gether. "Gents," I says to 'em, "we mus' consider this here book of Boston's. 'Pears that Boston ain't

gittin' all he come after. Nothin' ain't happenin' that he can put into a book. Wal, it's *got t'* happen. Jus' chaw on that. An' we mus' fin' a bad man that'll work reg'lar an' fit in the story with the gal."

"Gal?" they says.

"Yes," I repeats, "ev'ry novel has t' have a gal."

"I s'pose," says Rawson. "Jus' like ev'ry herd's got t' have a case of staggers. But—who's the gal?"

The boys all leant towards me, fly-traps wide open.

"Carlota Arnaz," I answers.

Some looked plumbeased in they min's—a n' some didn't. Oh, she's ace-high with quite a bunch—all ready t' snub her up an' marry her.

"The *señorita* 'llo," says Rawson. "She gen'ally makes out t' keep some man mis'erable."

As to the bad man, we cut out one of the cholos fr'm the section gang

below town—Pedro Garcia. Ornery lot, them Mexicans, an' wouldn't hurt a fly ('less they was drunk), but for hard-lookers they shore fill the bill. Nex', we hunted ev'ry which way for a plot. "I'll tell y'," says Californy Jim, that ole prospector that hangs 'roun' Dutchy's; "if the lit'rary lead has pinched out, w'y don't you salt—an' preten' to make a strike?" That sounded pretty good.

"We'll hole up the dus'-wagon fr'm the Little Rattlesnake mine," says Sam Barnes—"all of us disguised like Jesse James."

Bill Rawson jumped nigh four feet. "You go soak you' haid," he begins, mad as a hornet. "Hole up the dus'-wagon! Huh! An' whichever of us mule-skinner happens t' be bringin' it in'll git the G. B. fr'm that high-falutin' gent in the States



"'WY DON'T YOU GRUB OVER TO THE EATIN'-HOUSE ONCE IN A WHILE?' I AST HIM"

that bosses the shootin'-match. No, ma'am. An' if *that's* the kin' of plot you all 're hankerin' after, you can jus' count me outen this hog-tyin'."

"That's right! Sic' 'em, Towser; git t' fightin'," I says. "Now, Bill, work you' holeback straps. I can't say as Sam's suggestion hit the right spot with me, neither. 'Cause how could Carlota figger in that powwow? Won't do."

Wal, after some more pullin' and haulin', we fixed it up this way: Pedro'd grab Carlota an' take her away on a hoss whilst Boston an' the passel of us was in the Arnaz place. He was t' hike north, an' drop her at the Johnson shack on the edge of town, then go on, takin' a dummy in her place, an' totin' a brace of guns filled with blanks. We'd foller with plenty of blanks, too—an' Boston. How's that for high!

If you want to ast me, I think the hull idear was just O. K., an' no mistake. Beautiful gal kidnaped—bra-a-ave posse of punchers—hard ride—hot fight—rescue of a pilla stuffed with the bes' alfalfa on the market—procession returns, all alkali an' smiles.

"W'y," I says to Bergin, "them Eastern printin' fellers'll set 'em up for Boston so fas' that he'll plumb float." An' the sheriff agreed.

But it couldn't happen straight off. Pedro had t' be tole 'bout it, an' give his orders. Carlota, the same. I was picked on for this part of the shindig, the boys gittin' the blanks, the hosses, an' the hay-lady.

Wal, I ain't no kicker. I rode down to the section-house, an' ast for Pedro. He come out, 'bout ten poun's of railroad bal-last—more or less—spread onto them features of hisn. (That'd 'a' been color for Boston, all right.) I tole him w'at we was goin' t' do, w'y we was a-doin' it, an' laid out his share of the job. Then I tacked on that the gal he'd steal was Carlota.

Now, as I think 'bout it, I recall that he looked mighty tickled. Grinned all over an' said, "*Me gusta mucho*," more'n a dozen times. But then I didn't pay no 'tention to how he acted—I was so glad he'd fell in with me. (The Ole Nick take the greasers. A' out-an'-out low-down lot of sneakin' coyotes, anyhow! An' I might 'a' knowed—)

"Pedro," I says, "they's no rush 'bout this. We'll kinda work it up slow. T' make the hull thing seem dead real, come

to town ev'ry evenin' for a while, an' hang 'roun' the rest'rant. Spen' you' spondulix with the ole woman so's she won't kick you out, an' shine up t' Carlota when Boston's on the premises. Ketch on?"

Pedro said he did, an' I loped back t' town t' meet up with Carlota an' have it out with her. An' that was a job for a caution! Carlota was all bronc' that day—stubborn, pawin', an' takin' the bit. An' if I kep' up with her an' come out in the lead, it was 'cause I'd han'led so many hosses, an' I savvy when t' leave a ram-bunctious critter have her haid.

"Carlota," I says, "us fellers has fixed up a mighty nice scheme t' help out Boston with that book he's goin' to write."

"So?" She was all awake, quicker'n scat.

"Yes," I goes on. "Y' know, he's been wantin' somethin' excitin' t' put in it. We figger t' give it to him."

"Como?" she ast.

"With a case of kidnagin'. Man steals gal—we foller with Boston—lots of shootin'—save the gal—"

"W'at gal?"

"It's a big honor—an' we choosed you."

"So-o-o!"

Say! that hit her right, I tell y'! But I had to go put my foot in it, a-course. "Yes, you," I goes on. "Maybe you noticed Boston's here pretty frequent?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

"That's 'cause he's been studyin' you so's he could use you for a book character."

"So," she said, "that is it! that is w'y!"

Mad? Oh, golly! Them black eyes of hern jus' snapped, an' she grabbed a hunk of bread an' begun knifin' it.

"Wal," I says, "you don't seem t' ketch on to the fac' that you been handed out a blamed big compliment. A person in a book is some potatoes."

"No! no!"

"Pride hurt," I says to myself. "Now, Carlota," I begun, "don't cut off you' nose t' spite you' face. Pedro Garcia is turrible tickled that we ast him."

"Pedro—puf!"

"In the book," I goes on, "he's the bad man that loves you so much he can't help stealin' you."

"I hate Pedro," she says. "He is like that—bad."

"But we ain't astin' you t' like him, an' he don't git you. He drops you off at Johnson's, an' takes a dummy the res' of the



"TALKIN' ACROSST THE COUNTER TO PEDRO SWEETER 'N PANocha"

way. We want t' make Boston think they's danger."

"So!"

All of a sudden, she didn't seem nigh so mad, an' she looked like she'd jus' thought of somethin'. I seen my chanst. "That was the way we fixed it up," I goes on. "A-course, if you don't want t' be the heroine, I'll ast one of the eatin'-house gals. I reckon *they* won't turn me down." An' I moseyed towards the door.

"Alec," she calls, "come back. You say he will think another man loves me so much that he carries me away?"

"You got it," I answers.

She showed them little nippers of hern.

"*Bueno!*" she says. "I do it!"

"But, Carlota, listen. Boston ain't to be nex' that this is a put-up job. He's to think it's genuwine. Savvy? An' he'll git all the feelin's of a real kidnap. Now, to fool him perfec', you got to do one thing: be nice to Pedro when Boston's 'roun'."

Little nippers again. "Yes," she says; "I do it."

I started t' go, but she called me back. "He will think another man loves me so much that he carries me away?" she repeats.

"Shore," I says; an' she let me go.

Y' know, flirtin' was Carlota's long suit.

An' that very evenin' I seen her talkin' acrosst the counter to Pedro sweeter 'n *panocha*, with a takin' smile on the south en' of that cute little face of hern. But her eyes wasn't smilin'—an' a Spanish gal's eyes don't lie.

But supper was late, an' Boston was at a table clost by lookin' ugly tempered. So Ole Lady Arnaz tole Carlota t' jar loose. An' pretty soon he was ras'lin' his corn beef, an' Pedro was gone. Rawson and me set down nigh Boston. "Bill," I says, solemn, "reckon we won't git to play that game of draw t'-night." An' I give his foot a kick.

"W'y?" ast Bill.

"Account of Pedro bein' in town. I figger t' stay clost to the bunk-house."

"So'll I," says Bill, an' begun examinin' his shootin'-iron mighty anxious.

"Who's this Pedro?" ast Boston.

"Didn't y' see him?" I says. "He's a greaser, an' a mighty bad cuss t' monkey with. If you happen t' go past him an' so much as wiggle a finger, it's like takin' you' life in you' han's. Look at this." An' I showed him a piece in the las' "Eye-Opener." It read:

"Pedro Garcia was foun' not guilty by Judge Freeman for perforatin' Nick Trotmann's sombrero in a street-row last Satu'-day night week. Proved that Nick got into

A Run for Material

Pedro's way and sassed him. Pedro had come to town considerable the worse for booze, and as is always the case—

"As a matter of extreme precaution, we have lifted the last half of the above article, havin' got word that Garcia is due in town again. Subscribers will please excuse the gap. I didn't git time to fill it in.—*Editor.*"

"An' w'at's he doin' in here," says Boston, "talkin' to a young gal?"

"Half cracked 'bout her," puts in Bill. "An' if she won't have him, or her maw interferes, I'm feard they'll be a tragedy."

"Low ruffian!" says Boston.

Later on, 'bout ten o'clock, say, I was passin' the rest'rant, an' I heerd a man singin',

"Luz de mi alma!
Luz de mi vida!"

an' that somethin' was *despedosin'* his heart. (Oh, I savvy the lingo pretty good.)

Wal, it was that dog-goned cholo—under Carlota's winda, an' he had a guitar. Thunderation! that wasn't in our program!

"Say, you!" I hollered.

He shet up an' come over, lookin' kinda as if he'd been ketched stealin' sheep, but grinnin' so hard his eyes was plumb closed—the mean, little, wall-eyed, bow-legged swine!

"Pedro," I says, "you' boss likely wants you. Hit the ties." 'Cause, maybe Carlota'd git mad at his yelpin', an' knock the hull scheme galley-wes'.

Talk 'bout you' cheek! Nex' night that greaser an' his guitar was doin' business at the ole stan'. I let him alone. Carlota seemed t' like it. Anyhow, she didn't han' him out no hot soap-suds through the winda, nor no chairs an' tables.

Wal, we picked on a Satu'day for the kidnagin'. We didn't tell Carlota 'bout it bein' the day—her maw might git win' of the job, an' the gal'd go dress up, which'd spoil the real look of the hull thing. Then, on a Satu'day, after five, Pedro was free to come in town—an' mos' allus showed up with some more of his cholos, pumpin' a han'-car. This Satu'day he come, all right, an' goes over to Sparks's corral for a couple of hosses. (Us punchers'd tied our broncs over in the corral, too, so's we'd have to run for 'em when Pedro lit out with the gal.)

Six o'clock was the time named. It'd give us more'n two hours of day for the chase, an' then they'd be a nice, long

stretch 'fore dark come—jus' the kin' of light for circlin' a' outlaw an' capturin' him, dead or alive.

Us fellers was in the Arnaz place at six. Course, we'd seen to it that Boston was on han'. Him an' me was settin' way back towards the kitchen-en' of the room. Pretty soon we seen Pedro pass the front winda, ridin' a hoss an' leadin' another. His loaded quirt was a-hanging to his one wris', an' on his right laig was the gun filled with blanks that we'd lef' at Sparks's for him. He stopped at the far corner of the house, droppin' the reins over the bronc's' hoids so they'd stan'. Then he come to the side door, opened it 'bout a' inch, peeked in at Carlota, who was behin' the counter, an' w'istled.

She goes straight to him, smilin'—the little cut-up!—an' outhen the door. For a minnit, no soun'. Then, the signal—a screech. That screech was so blamed genuwine I almos' forgot to stick out my laig an' trip Boston as he come by me. Down he sprawls, them spectacles of hisn flyin' off an' bustin' to smithereens. The boys bunched at the doors t' cut off the ole lady. Past 'em, I could see them two bronc's, with Pedro an' Carlota aboard, makin' quick tracks through town.

"Alas! yon villain has stole her!" says Sam Barnes, doin' a jig.

"Come!" yells Rawson. "We will foller an' sa-a-ave her." Then he split for the corral, us after him.

When we got to it, we foun' somethin' funny. Our hosses was saddled an' bridled all right, *but ev'ry cinch was cut!*

Wal, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather.

That same minnit, up come Hank Shackleton on a dead run. "Boys," he says, "that greaser was half-shot when he hit town. Got six more jolts at Dutchy's."

Fas' as we could we got some other saddles an' clumb on—Bill an' Sam an' me an' Shackleton, Ole Man Hart, Monkey Mike, Buckshot Milliken, an' the sheriff—an' made for Hair-Oil's shack. No Carlota!—only that blamed straw-feemale, keeled over woeful, an' Johnson's cow eatin' her hair.

Shiverin' snakes! but we was a sick-lookin' bunch! But we didn't lose no time. A good way ahaid, some dus' was travelin'. We spurred for it, cussin' ourselves an' wonderin' w'y Carlota didn't turn her hoss, or stop, or jump, or put up a tiger-cat fight.

"W'at's his idear?" says Monkey Mike. "Where's he takin' her?"

"Bee-line towards the reservation," says Milliken. "Spanish church there. Makin' her elope."

"Wo-o-ow!" It was Bergin. We'd got beyond the Diamond O ranch-house an' 'd gone down a slope into a kinda draw, like, an' then up the far side. This'd brung us out onto pretty high groun', an' we could see, 'bout a mile off, two hosses gallopin' side by side. "The gal's bronc' is lame," says the sheriff, "an' Pedro's lickin' it. We got him! Look t' you' guns."

Guns! I got weaker'n a cat. An', all at the same time, the other fellers remembered—an' sech a howl. We had guns a-course, but they was filled with blanks.

We slacked a little.

"Is that greaser loaded?" ast Bergin.

"Give him blanks myself," says Bill.

Ahaid again, faster'n ever. Carlota's hoss was shore givin' out; goin' on three feet, in little jumps, like a jack-rabbit. Pedro wasn't able t' git her onto his bronc', or else he was feard the critter wouldn't carry double. Anyhow, he was behin' her, everlastin'ly usin' his quirt—an' losin' groun'. Pretty soon, we was so nigh we made out t' hear him. An' when he looked back, we seen his face was white, for all he's a greaser. Then, of a sudden, he come short, half wheeled, waited till we was closter, an' fired.

Somethin' w'istled 'twixt me an' the sheriff—*ping-ng-ng!* It was lead, all right! An' jus' then, whilst we was pullin' t' right an' lef', scatterin' quick, but shootin' off blanks (we was so excited), that strawberry roan of Sparks's come past us like a streak of lightnin'. An' on her, with his dicer gone, no glasses, a ca'tridge-belt 'roun' his neck, an' a pistol in one han', was Boston.

"Hi, you fool," yells the sheriff. "You'll git killed!" (Tire Pedro out, an' then draw his fire was the bes' plan, y' savvy.)

Boston didn't answer—kep' right on. But the run was up. Pedro reached that ole 'dobe house that Clay Peters lived in

oncet, pulled the door open, an' makin' Carlota flatten to her saddle (she was tied on!) druv in her hoss. Then he begun t' lead in hisn, when Boston brung up his han' an' let her go—*bang!*

Say! that greaser got a su'prise. He give a yell, an' drew back, lettin' go his hoss. Then he shut the door to, an' we seen his weasel face at the winda. Boston's gun come up again.

"Careful," I hollered. "You'll hurt the gal."

He didn't shoot then, but jus' kep' goin'. The greaser fired an' missed. Nex' minnit, Boston was out of range on the side of the house where they wasn't no winda, an' offen his hoss. The cholo was poppin' at us as we come on, an' yellin' like a crazy man. But Boston, it 'pears, could hear Carlota sobbin' an' cryin' an' prayin'. An' it got into his collar. An' darned if he didn't run right 'roun' to that winda an' smash it in! Pedro shot at him, missed, shot again, still yellin' bloody murder.

Boston wasn't doin' no yellin'. He was actin' like a blamed jack-in-the-box: stan' up, fire through the winda, duck, stan' up, duck—

He got it! Stayed up a second too long oncet, then tumbled backwards, kinda half runnin' as he went down, an' laid quiet.

The greaser didn't lean out to finish Boston, didn't even take a shot at us as we pulled up byside him an' got off. But the gal was callin' to us. I picked up Boston's gun an' looked in. Pedro was on the dirt floor, hol'in' his right han' with his lef'. No more shovelin' for him.

Wal, we opened the door, led Carlota's hoss out, set the little gal loose, an' lifted her down. At first she didn't say nothin'—jus' looked to where Boston was. Then she foun' her feet an' went towards him, totterin' unsteady.

"*Querido!*" she calls; "*querido!*"

Boston heerd her, an' begun crawlin' t' meet her. "All right, sweetheart," he says, "all right. I ain't hurt much."

Then they kissed—an' we got another su'prise party!





Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce



Seeds of the Whirlwind

IF THE Goulds, the Hills, the Vanderbilts, and other penitents on the anxious-seat wish to remove the causes underlying "public hostility to railroads" it behooves them to learn what these causes have the distinction to be. They are looking too deep for them. It is unfortunately not true that the American people as a body greatly care for "overcapitalization," "stock-juggling," and similar devices of "high finance." The average American citizen is imperfectly acquainted with these matters and not consciously affected in his fortunes by them; they beget concern only in the comparatively small number of fairly well-to-do persons who invest or gamble in railway securities, humorously so called. What really angers the average man whose feeling is called public opinion is the way his luggage is knocked about when he has the temerity to travel, and all Americans travel. When he sees his trunk unloaded from a high car by one man and the attraction of gravity, sees it deliberately and needlessly turned upon its back or side and dragged hither and yon; or, sparing himself the maddening spectacle, learns the method by the result, he is naturally indoctrinated by the performance with a stubborn disesteem of railroads. He knows that he is powerless to protect his property, even by fortification of its vulnerable parts with the most infrangible products of the armorer's art, for the more strongly it is built the more roughly it is handled. As to hat-boxes, suit-cases, hand-bags, and such small deer, the unspeakable indignities to which they are subjected would rouse resentment in the meekest soul since Moses—who slew the Egyptian.

So the average American, imperfectly addicted to analysis of his sentiments, cherishes a dumb, sullen hostility to railroads, which finds expression in legislation that takes no account of his actual griev-

ance. He does not demand a legal safeguarding of his luggage; but in the almost universal movement for the two-cent fare (for example) railway "magnates" may read, if they will, the result of their indifference to the integrity of his small belongings. Let them double or treble their force of baggage-handlers, see that these care for his trunks and bags as if they loved them (as in England), and they will find it the truest "economy of operation" that ever they practiced. When they cease to smash our baggage we shall doubtless cease to smash their enterprises.

As to the trolleys and subways of cities, if every passenger were provided with a seat (as in Germany) there would equally be no unfriendly sentiment to which the honest reformer and the disingenuous demagogue could appeal. The public animosity is in the straps.

In accordance with what great natural law the men who know least of human nature commonly go into the railway business is not definitely known; by others it is well understood that great wrongs are more easily forgiven than little ones, and that mere slights are not forgiven at all. A people cheerfully indifferent to the peril of skewering with splinters and roasting in a wreck will bitterly resent abrasion of the skin of a trunk, attended with extravasation of cologne. Moreover, the actual victims of the one mischance are relatively few and negligible, whereas those incurring the lesser evils are an innumerable company, and mostly alive.

Our Master, the Flame

IF ASSIGNED to the congenial task of naming the most striking evidence of the stupidity of my countrymen, I know not what better I could do than point to their custom of making combustible buildings. The apparently immortal vitality of this

incredible practice must be accepted as a phenomenon going nearer to proof of our descent from an ancestry unacquainted with fire than any adduced by Darwin and approved by Winwood Reade. The ignorance of *Pithecanthropos erectus* is translated into the perversity of *Homo Americanus*. Because the arboreal progenitor knew not fire, the urban descendant deals with that tricky thing with blind inattention to some of its most obvious and perilous properties.

I have before me some statistics that are interesting and doubtless as accurate as it is the habit of statistics to be. They show that in the year 1906 the people of the United States expended in building houses of all kinds only \$604,960,000. The amount is disappointing, being only a little more than two per cent. greater than the sum expended in 1905. Considering the enormous increase in population and wealth, it had been confidently predicted by experts that one or two hundreds of millions more would be expended in the later year than were in the earlier. It may be inferred that something must have occurred to discourage "building operations." May one hazard the guess that the dissuading factor was the annual fire loss? My statistics do not give the amount of that loss for 1905, but it must have been something worth considering, for that of 1906 was more than five hundred millions. That is to say, in that year we lost by fire more than five-sevenths of what we gained by building. That is what the nation pays for the pleasure of using combustible materials; that is what comes of treating the fever of conflagration with a pound of cure instead of an ounce of prevention. If an individual could hope to save from the flames fewer than two in seven of the houses that he rears his zeal for building would be a cooling coal.

Nations are slow to learn, but the figures for last year show that the light of experience may be a broadening dawn, and perhaps within a generation or two we shall have discerned the futility of building at all, and become cave-dwellers, as were our fathers before us. That will be bad for the insurance game—for the long-headed gentlemen who "keep the tables," for their statisticians who determine the rates in favor of the dealer and fix the percentage of loss to the player, for the "cappers" who, in the beautiful language of their tribe, "steer

the sucker against the game." It is to be feared that in the necessary readjustment of their noble industry to the new conditions some of them will have to adopt the candid methods of the highway, and others, in their desperation, may be driven to the ultimate expedient of going to work.

It is a saddening possibility, this reversion to the primitive life of the ancestral troglodyte, entailing surrender of many comfortable customs and hard-won advantages, including pleasant relations with janitors, paper-hangers, and plumbers. One could almost wish that the light of our blazing homes might reveal, as an alternative expedient, the building of houses that will not burn. Indeed, the authority whose figures I have been quoting assures us that as many as five-thousandths of one per cent. of the edifices that we already have are of that singular character. Probably they were built by foreigners.

A Vision of Resurrection

I WALKED along a pleasant way,
When suddenly the light of day
Shrank to a point and passed away.

My heart was smitten with a chill:
Through all my nerves a piercing thrill
Congealed my senses and my will.

Then, as the light and warmth returned
And through my brain and body burned,
A giant angel I discerned.

His mighty legs bestrode the shore,
And through a trumpet that he bore
He thundered, "Time shall be no more!"

John D. arose from death ("the dead
In Christ shall first come forth") and said:
"Alas, alas, if Time is fled

"Then none remains for talking! So
That strikes to silence at a blow
My tongue and money here below."

But in his eyes, to heaven upraised,
Hope of a higher forum blazed.
My two ears shuddered as I gazed.

Good Andrew, who had "died disgraced,"
Stood forth, the dreadful angel faced,
And said: "Hoot, mon, don't be in haste.

"Eternity can wait," he said,
 "Until the poor that cry for bread
 With stones and books can be stall-fed."

J. P. protruded from the tomb
 His withered pow, the eyes agloom
 With solemn prophecies of doom.

"No Time?" he moaned as one unblest;
 Then added as he beat his breast,
 "There'll be no rate of interest!"

Books and Book-Folk

PERSONS who boast that they "keep up" with the current literature of our language and "read all the new books" may be interested to know that last year's output of books in England alone was 8603. If they "kept up" with that they read a little more than twenty-three and a half books a day, and can have given but scant attention to the literary product of the United States, Canada, Australia, Scotland, Ireland, New Zealand, and Indiana.

"George Sand" is dead, "George Eliot" is dead, "John Oliver Hobbes" is dead, and "John Strange Winter" is in poor health, but the distasteful custom of women writers taking men's names is in the prime and flower of its vitality. In periodical literature not a few of the fair sex are addicted to the practice, and nothing can be done about it. The happiness that they derive from it is incomprehensible, but doubtless perfect in its kind. One of these misguided ladies, who conducted a department of literary criticism in a weekly paper, once wrote to me on a professional matter, and in my reply I naturally addressed her as "Dear Sir." She published my note, chortled and cackled through a half-column of merriment anent my error, and was apparently sincerely persuaded that the incident was very funny. I thought it only tolerably funny, and am now told by one skilled in humor that it was not funny at all.

Simplified spelling now numbers among its active advocates the editors of these American dictionaries: the "Standard," "The Century," and "Webster's." In England it is supported by the editors of "The Dialect," "The Etymological," and "The Oxford." Really, it begins to look

as if the names of Theodore Roosevelt and Josh Billings might survive the wreck of letters and the crush of words, to shout in brass from the frieze of the Temple of Fame.

In the latest novel of a popular author no fewer than eight of her characters "go before," and there is no birth-rate to speak of; yet such is the lady's art that to the judicious reader the mortality does not seem excessive. The book is one of the six best killers.

The late James F. Bowman was writing a serial story for a weekly paper, in collaboration with a friend whose name I do not recall. They wrote not jointly but alternately, Bowman supplying the instalment for one week, his friend for the next, and so on, world without end, they hoped. Unfortunately they quarreled, and one Monday morning when Bowman read the paper to prepare himself for his task, he found "his work cut out for him" in a way to surprise and pain him. His collaborator had embarked every character of the narrative on a ship, and had sunk them all in the deepest part of the Atlantic.

An austere critic says of Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman—with reprehensible ungallantry, "To her mind, normal human beings are those who live in small, chilly, frame houses, into whose diet sweet cake enters largely, who die for the truth, or, more heroic yet, condemn themselves to eternal damnation by lying in a just cause." To this it should in fairness be added that they are presumably female, manifestly middle-aged, and prematurely moral.

The report that Messrs. George Ade and W. S. Lampton are "working on a grammar of slang" is disappointing. I had hoped that they were working on the Panama Canal.

Persons requiring assistance in making up their minds as to the merits of Longfellow as a poet are fortunate in having been alive on the centenary of his birth, and in having remained alive (if they did) after reading what the "occasion" suggested to the magazine writers. The most notable efforts toward enlightening the public's darkness anent Longfellow's "place in literature" were by Messrs. Gribble and Howells—for the prosecution and the defense respectively. Naturally they are of

two opinions, but they are not so far apart as to forbid the hope that they may eventually agree on the proposition that Longfellow was not a really great soldier.

Certain readers of Mark Twain's autobiography have been uttering a deal of dulness about the author's "belittling" of his brother Orion. Apparently it was no part of Mark's design, if he had a design, to make us admire the singular chap, but just to permit us to love him. Through what intellectual or emotional delinquency the solemn critics of the work are immune to the infection one does not know: the mental processes of the lower animals are impervious to conjecture.

If "What Walt Whitman Did for Poetry" is not to be a work of fiction it should be at least a short story—the shortest short story in the world.

Mr. Henry Holt, publisher, returns to his muttons with a second paper on "The Commercialization of Literature," footing it feattly upon the vestigial mortal part of the "literary agent." It appears to have required a second saltatory performance of that sort to make that unhappy gentleman sensible of his destruction, but the solemn rite would have been more seemly if celebrated by one whose connection with literature has not always been of the same commercial character as that of the gentleman underfoot.



Sleep and Death

OUR GROUNDLESS TERROR OF DEATH MAY EASILY BE REMOVED BY A CONSIDERATION OF THE PAINLESS PHENOMENA OF SLEEP, WHICH IS NOTHING LESS THAN TEMPORARY DEATH

By John H. Girdner, M.D.



DEATH is usually considered too gruesome a subject for contemplation. Most people seem to ignore it altogether until it is forced upon their attention by the taking off of some one more or less closely connected with them. But it is clearly not the part of wisdom to close the mental eye and decline to consider a future event, merely because of a preconceived notion that it is going to be painful and generally unpleasant. Especially is this true when that event, like death, is wholly inevitable and may occur at any moment. Besides, the scientific study of death can in no way affect the event itself, and may serve to change for the better our present

ideas concerning the final dissolution of our material bodies. My object in this article is to strip, if possible, this change called death of some of the groundless terrors with which ignorance, superstition, and timid and fanciful sentimentality have clothed and presented it to the imagination of this and past ages.

Foolish nurses sometimes frighten children by picturing to them a boggy-man, and the children are afterward afraid in the dark until they know better. Theologians, with their art, music, and literature, have made death the boggy-man of adult life. The fear of physical death is nothing but the fear of physical pain—of the "death agony"—which is supposed to attend the closing moments of life. It used to be considered an act of humanity to anticipate nature by violence. For ages it was the custom to remove

with a jerk the pillow from under the head of the dying in order to hasten death and thus prevent the supposed "agony of the last struggle." It is with natural sleep and physical death, and with nothing else, that I am to deal in this article.

All our boasted science and philosophy cannot give a better definition of death than that it is a cessation of life. This is no definition at all, because it is false; for if we keep in mind the law of the conservation of forces and the closed circle of materialism, there can be no such thing as the cessation of life. There can be, and constantly is, change in the form and manner of expression of the phenomenon called life, but never an absence of it. When that aggregation of atoms and chemical elements—that little eddy in the great whirling cosmos of matter—called a human body is no longer a fit instrument through which human life can express itself, those atoms and chemical elements are at once becoming suitable vehicles for the expression of life in other forms; and this very "becoming" is itself an expression of life.

It would be an aid to clearness of thought and expression, to say nothing of other advantages, if this word "death," which, as we have seen, has no definition, could become obsolete. The word "change," which exactly describes the phenomenon under consideration, should take its place. The forms necessary to express the various moods and tenses readily suggest themselves. For instance, instead of those disgusting, horrible, and unmeaning words, *died* and *deaths*, in mourning type at the head of the obituary column, there should appear in ordinary type the word *Changed*, or *Changes*. The news columns would read something like this: "John Doe changed at Bellevue Hospital to-day, as a result of a pistol-shot wound of the chest received in a fight on the Bowery last night"; or "Richard Roe the millionaire manufacturer (don't leave out millionaire) is changing at his home in this city, from injuries received in an automobile accident in Central Park last Saturday," and so on.

No study of death can be in any degree complete without at least some consideration of sleep. For, as will be seen farther on, sleep is closely related to death, in fact, is death in a degree. The mental activities of the waking hours, followed by the repose and unconsciousness of the night, complete the

cycle of a day, and this cycle of a day corresponds in many respects to the cycle of a lifetime. Indeed, a complete day may justly be called a lifetime in miniature.

There are two separate and distinct sets or systems of nerves, organs, and muscles in man and the higher animals. The first is the sensitive system. It is through this that we perceive, act, think, and are connected with the external world around us. The second is the vital system, or that by which the first or sensitive system is maintained. It is important that the reader shall understand these two systems and the laws that govern them. Otherwise he will be unable to get a clear idea of sleep and death, and cannot appreciate these phenomena and their points of likeness. I shall therefore go into some detail to make this part of the subject clear.

Seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, or the sense of touch, are the means by which we become connected with the material universe and gain information concerning it. These five senses, together with the mental functions, such as thought, memory, and all conscious intelligence, form the sensitive nervous system. All the functions of the sensitive system are voluntary. They are, or can be, controlled by the will. Reference to one's hourly experience shows this. You may be looking at something in your hand, and the next instant you may be looking at the moon. You listen to a particular sound one moment and to a different one the next, and so on with the other senses. It is the same with our mental processes. We are thinking of a person or thing in the same room with us, a second later our mind is on a person a mile away or on the other side of the planet. Memory, too, is subject to the will. One can recall a scene of childhood or an incident of yesterday with equal facility. The muscles are also divided into voluntary and involuntary. We can, for instance, will to move the head, hand, or foot, and the proper muscles will obey, or we can will to keep them still, and the thing is done.

The second or vital system may properly be termed the commissary department of the body. It is the function of the nerves, muscles, and organs of which it is composed to furnish nourishment to the entire body. It has to do with the digestion and assimilation of food, the circulation of the blood, the movements of the lungs, in fact, with all

the vital processes of the body. Unlike the sensitive system, the vital system is involuntary. One cannot, for instance, control the movements of the heart or lungs by exercise of the will power, nor hasten or retard the digestion of food by the stomach; nor in any way influence the vital organs or their functions. It is interesting to note that Jesus, in his sermon on the mount, announced the scientific fact of the presence in man of the two systems described above when he said, "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?" Now, taking thought, as we have seen, is a voluntary act, a function of the voluntary system, while adding a cubit to the stature is a performance beyond the control of the will, a function of the vital system.

We are now prepared for a closer study of the phenomena called sleep and death. Francis Bacon said, "Sleep is nothing else but a reception and retirement of the living spirit into itself." Sleep is, in fact, the temporary death of the entire sensitive or voluntary system, and it comes about in the following manner: As a result of the day's activities, the higher ganglia of the brain, which are the organs of thought, reason, memory, and all mental activity, become fatigued by the excitement of the passions, the eyes by the exercise of sight, the ears by that of hearing, and the voluntary muscles of motion by powerful and repeated contractions. As a result of this fatigue, the organs of the sensitive system reach a point of exhaustion where they fail any longer to respond to the ordinary stimulus by which they are accustomed to be aroused. We must then use a stronger stimulus to arouse them, or they must be refreshed by withdrawing from all stimuli for a time—and that is sleep. Even a stronger stimulus, as, for instance, shouting in the ear of a person too sleepy to respond to the tones of ordinary conversation, will only succeed in rousing him temporarily. For when the ear is fatigued to a greater degree no amount of sound, which is the natural stimulus as light is to seeing, will suffice to keep the sleeper awake. It is well known that soldiers when sufficiently fatigued sleep while cannon roar about them. And criminals have, sometimes, to be awakened from a sound sleep on the morning of their execution. Macaulay relates the following incident: On the day appointed for the decapitation of the Duke of Argyle at Edin-

burgh for rebellion, one of the lords of the council came to the castle and demanded admittance to the duke. It was answered that the duke was asleep. The privy councillor thought that that was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was gently opened; and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The placid sleep of exhaustion would have been nearer the mark.

It is the rule to read in the accounts of executions by the state, that the condemned slept well, ate a hearty breakfast, and went to his death without fear and with apparent indifference. This is not an exhibition of courage, "nerve," or stolid indifference on the part of the condemned. His conduct is due to the fact that for the months, and sometimes years, he has been under sentence of death, the thought and contemplation of the event have been almost constantly in his mind—so much so that this particular calamity has lost its power to arouse in the condemned those feelings of horror which it produces in the bystander. Put a live rattlesnake in the cell of a condemned man an hour before the time set for his execution, and the reptile will throw him into a panic of fear. His sensitive system will respond to the stimulus of this new and unthought-out and unsuffered horror.

Nobody ever heard of a person about to be lynched showing anything but the most abject fear. The reason for this difference in conduct at the gallows between the legally condemned man and one about to die by lynch-law is this: in the latter case, the idea of being hanged is sprung suddenly on the man, and his sensibilities have not had time to become immune to fear and horror from this particular stimulus, whereas, in the case of the legally condemned, months of contemplation of the event have exhausted the capacity of his sensibilities to respond with fear to the thought, or even the act, of being hanged. It is in this way that all our griefs and sorrows are healed. Not by time, as is often asserted, but in time, by exhaustion of the capacity for suffering from that particular cause. And the suffering may take place before, or after, the event. During sound sleep the functions of the sensitive system are as completely suspended as if the individual were laid cold in his grave. But the vital system never sleeps. It is busy during sleeping hours, restoring the sensi-

tive organs to their normal condition, removing the effects of fatigue. It "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." The morning of its day is childhood, its noon, middle life, and its hour for sleep is when the heart stops.

The phenomenon called sleep may be summed up in the following propositions:

First: Sleep is temporary death of the functions of the sensitive system, due to exhaustion by fatigue.

Second: This death is temporary because the vital system continues to perform its functions during sleep and restores the sensitive organs to their normal condition.

For our purpose death may be considered under the three heads: natural death, sudden death, and death from disease. Natural death is death from old age, and is rarely witnessed in modern life. Our social conditions are so complex and unjust that special strain or anxiety, in one form or another, wears out one organ, or set of organs, long before the others. Our bad social and economic conditions are no longer confined to the congested centers. Their baleful influences are being felt, in one form or another, by the inhabitants of the most remote hamlets. Hence we seldom see, as in former times, an individual approach the close of a long life with each organ gradually losing its sensibility along with all the others, or the human machine go to pieces all together, like Doctor Holmes's famous "One Horse Shay."

Natural death differs from natural sleep only in degree. The gradual loss of sensibility by the sensitive organs, which precedes sleep, now takes place in the vital system, and all the organs pass into permanent sleep together. There can be no pain preceding or at the moment of such a death, any more than there is pain preceding and at the moment of passing into temporary sleep.

The second, in our classification, is sudden death. This may be defined as death due to a sudden injury, from without or within the body, sufficient to destroy, at once, all irritability of both the sensitive and vital systems. It requires no argument to prove that a person who is suddenly stricken dead can suffer no pain. The element of time must be present in order to suffer physical pain; and in the sudden death of a person, the element of time is absent.

We come now to consider the third and by far the most frequent form of death,

namely, death from disease. Thomas A. Edison tells a story of a man who invented a wonderful liver tonic. This tonic made his liver so much stronger than all his other organs that when the man died it refused to die with them, and had to be killed with a club, before the funeral could proceed. There is more to this story than appears on the surface, or perhaps than Mr. Edison suspects. For it is a fact, that when an organ becomes diseased or fails to perform its particular function in the community of functions which constitute the life of man, it causes demoralization among all the other organs, which are themselves in perfect working order. And continued failure of the afflicted member to do its work does eventually reduce to the dying point, or as Mr. Edison would say, clubs the life out of, the other stronger organs. The time required to reduce the healthy organs and tissues to the point of general dissolution will depend on the character of the disease itself and the importance of the organ or tissue which it attacks. The lungs, for instance, may be the seat of an inflammation so acute and extensive as to fill up the air-spaces, exclude the necessary oxygen from the blood, and thus in a few hours overpower the other organs and cause the death of an individual who was previously healthy. On the other hand, a chronic disease in an organ not so vitally important may require years to complicate and inhibit the functions of the other organs to the point of dissolution of the entire structure.

As soon as disease is established, dying begins; which is but a more rapid than natural ceasing of all sensibilities, accompanied with more or less suffering, according to the cause which produces it. This dying and suffering, called disease, must terminate either in so-called death, which is insensibility to it, or in recovery, which is removal of the cause of it. But in any event the suffering has been endured, no matter whether the final termination is death or recovery. No one is conscious of, or can recall, the moment he passes from waking into natural or temporary sleep. Nor shall we, by a "supreme agony," or in any other way, be conscious of passing into permanent sleep. Being born and dying are the two most important physiological events in the life-history of our bodies. And we shall know no more about the latter event at the time it occurs than we did about the former.



The Great American Game

By Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrated by Harry A. Linnell



SOMEWHERE between one and eighty-seven years ago, when you were a boy (that is, of course, if you weren't a girl), you and Fatty Jones and Pug-nose Perkins, on those happy but infrequent days when the teacher didn't keep you after school, used to go out in the vacant lot behind your house and play baseball. And that *was* baseball!

Three old cat was the name of that particular breed of the Great American Game. Why three old cat nobody knows—or if anybody does, he has omitted to tell me. However, out in the back lot you'd go, you and Fatty Jones and Pug-nose Perkins, taking with you from the woodshed the utensils necessary for the sport.

You didn't use a regular, turned, hickory bat. Oh, dear me, no! Those were all well enough for dude kids like Algernon Dalrymple, whose father owned the shirt-factory down by the railroad crossing, and who lived in the big stone house with the hedge around the yard so that you couldn't

see into the lawn-parties they gave there until you'd dug a hole through with your pocket-knife and fingers. Dude bats were all well enough for dude kids like him, but you and Fatty and Pug-nose were different. I should hope so! Though of course, if some one had come along and offered you a bat like that, you might have taken it—possibly. But as long as no one did, you kept right on using a shingle whittled down to a handle on one end; and when Algernon and his dude bat came around, you chased them off home contemptuously.

And for a ball you wouldn't have one of those nice, white, hard things that would hit you on the ends of the fingers and make the joints swell up so your mother would have to button your suspenders for you in the morning. You used a chunk of rubber wrapped up in twine. Of course the twine would keep unwinding, and coming off every once in a while; but that only lent additional interest to the game. And, at that, it was a lot better ball than those dude ones—though of course, if the same some one had chanced to come around and offer you one of those horsehide-covered ones—But what's the use? Nobody came.

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Well, Fatty Jones would choose to be "in"; and as he was the biggest and could lick both Pug-nose and yourself, you could find no adequate grounds upon which to dispute his choice.

Then Pug-nose would elect to "catch," and as Pug-nose, in turn, could lick *you*, you would, with as much grace as you could muster, take the ball and walk out to the pitcher's box. Once there, you would spit on your hand and rub it in the dirt and then wipe it off on the seat of your trousers. Just why you did this would have been difficult for you to explain. Had anyone inquired your reasons, you would merely have superciliously and pityingly remarked, "Why, all good pitchers does that!" and gone right on putting yourself in line with wearing your Sunday pants for everyday just that much sooner.

Then Fatty would insouciantly wave his bat and admonish you to give him "a good

one," while Pug-nose, at catch, would squat upon his haunches and make meaningful faces at you. Whereat you would contort yourself into an attitude that would suddenly remove three buttons, and let fly.

Maybe the ball would go over the stone that stood for home-plate. Maybe it would go gyrating off into the scenery somewhere and thereby win many caustic remarks upon your ability from Pug-nose, whose painful duty it was to chase it. Or maybe it would hit Fatty under the ear, making it a "dead ball" and giving him a chance to make one run and an opportunity while he was making that one run to tell you that, as a ball-player, your aged grandmother could skin you forty ways, and to opine caustically that jackstones and stick-knife and ring-around-a-rosy were more in your line.

At length, after Fatty had made about seventy or eighty runs ('tis not a stingy game, this three old cat), you would happen to catch a pop fly that got snarled up in your fingers before you could drop it, or maybe you'd "nail" a "foul," or possibly Fatty, in a misguided effort to swipe the ball when it was ten or fifteen feet over his head, would strike out. And then you'd all move up one.

Then Pug-nose would be in for thirty or forty trips to the first (and only) base and back, while you retrieved the wild balls that Fatty threw. And at length some inadvertence on the part of Pug-nose would move you all up once again, and you would be in, and Fatty catch and Pug-nose pitch.

At last your chance had come, and you would brace back your shoulders proudly and brandish the shingle and lay for a good one, while Fatty, squatting behind the plate as warily as his embonpoint would permit,

would make faces at Pug-nose, who, in the pitcher's box, would be busily engaged in unctuously putting large chunks of the vacant lot on the most used portion of his trousers.

Pug-nose, at length, contorts himself almost as well as you yourself could, and sends in a hot one. You can see that it's going at least three feet beyond the plate, so you



"COULDN'T SEE INTO THE LAWN-
PARTIES UNTIL YOU'D DUG
A HOLE THROUGH"

stand in silent, haughty unconcern and let it go by.

"Strike, you gump!" yells Fatty as he, to the surprise of all, including himself, manages to catch it.

"Aw, what's the matter with you?" you inquire coldly.

"Sure it was a strike, wa'n't it, Fatty?" demands Pug-nose, running up from the pitcher's box.

"Betcher life," assures Fatty. "It come right over the plate."

"If it hadn't," asserts Pug-nose argumentatively, "Fatty couldn't 'a' caught it. Could yer, Fatty?"

Fatty wavers for a moment between injured dignity, professional pride, and the desire for advancement, and finally, giving way in favor of the last, admits that Pug-nose's argument is sound. Whereat you protest loudly that they are trying to skin you, and that you guess you know whether it was a strike or not, and that if that's the way they're going to play, you'll go home. At which they both make faces at you and say insultingly:

"Yaaaa! Cry-baby! Yaaaa! Yaaaa!"

You thereupon become exceeding wroth and make a few caustic comments anent personal appearance and breeding, and ask Fatty if he remembers the time his mother caught him in the preserve closet and inquire as to who was the cry-baby *then*. And you inquire of Pug-nose if he, in turn, can remember how, just because his first pair of shoes with heels on 'em tripped him and caused him to slide downstairs on one ear, he yelled so the neighbors came on from three houses in every direction to find out what the matter was.

The memories of both Fatty and Pug-nose, not having had much work to do, are excellent, and the situation becomes a bit strained. But at length a compromise is effected on the grounds of calling it a strike, and the game goes on.

Pug-nose contorts himself again, and this time you soak at the ball, for if they are going to call everything a strike no matter whether it is or not, you might as well get something for your time and trouble. Much to

your surprise your bat hits the ball, and it goes sailing through the air high above Pug-nose's head. It takes you at least seven seconds to realize that you've hit it, and another seven to remember that it is now your duty to run to first base and back before Pug-nose can get the ball and return it to Fatty. Accordingly you cast the bat behind you and start off for the base like a dog with a can tied to its tail. You reach it, and turn for the back journey.

There is great excitement. Fatty is yelling to Pug-nose vociferous adjurations to "Chuck it home!" and Pug-nose, with the ball clasped affectionately in his right fist, is making valiant efforts to overtake you on the return trip. Seeing that his efforts are to prove fruitless, he stops and throws the ball to Fatty. By some fell chance, he gets the right direction and the right distance, as well; and you (for you have been watching him over your shoulder) make up your mind that it is time to slide.



"DUDE BATS WERE ALL WELL
ENOUGH FOR DUDE KIDS
LIKE HIM"



"YOU WOULD CONTORT YOURSELF INTO AN ATTITUDE THAT

As on one memorable occasion, when you elected this method of saving the game, you wore off all your forehead, one eyebrow, and a large section of your upper lip, you decide that this time you will select a sitting posture as one better adapted to the exigencies. Thus it is that the last eight feet of the run are covered with dessicated patches that the toil-hardened maternal fingers had sewed on with loving care and linen thread. And, as Fatty misses the ball anyway, you proudly rise and grab your bat and stand ready for the next ball, albeit you occasionally cast an anxious eye over the horizon to see if there are any of the other sex about, or liable to be about.

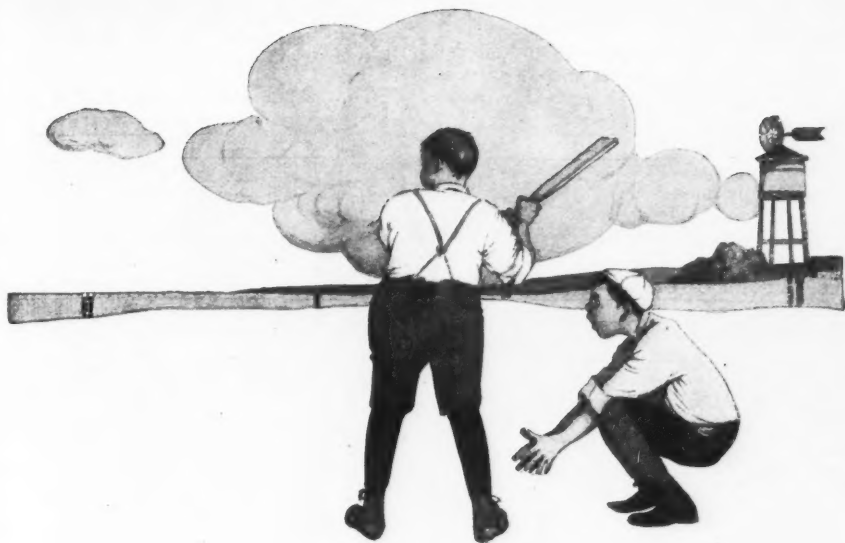
At length Pug-nose, who is getting tired, pitches you an easy one. You swing on it and land hard with the shingle. Away goes the ball. On and on it soars, and on, while you and Fatty and Pug-nose stand and watch it. In a beautiful parabola it flies. And then—Bing! Right in the middle of the Peets' parlor window (plate glass, too!) it hits, and "Cra-a-a-ash!" goes the pane, and "O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!!!!" yells some one inside, and you and Fatty and Pug-nose turn and skedaddle for the woodshed.

And that finishes the game for the day;

though, to be sure, there is an aftermath that ends in your respective fathers dividing an expense of three dollars and a half, and you and Fatty and Pug-nose sleeping face down for a couple of nights.

That was baseball! (The other, I mean—not the sleeping face down.) That was baseball as she should be played! That was fun! There was real enjoyment in that sort of thing (for there were aftermaths to but few games), and healthfulness. And so there was, too, in the later games that you used to have of "Choose up sides" where you'd all get together and elect captains; and then the captains would take a bat and throw it from one to the other and then clasp hands on it, alternately, and the man who would be able to grip it last would have first choice. And you'd have three bases and regular bats and balls, and you'd play until your folks sent over to remind you that you had to go down to the store and get a loaf of bread and some herrings and a pound of cheese and some pickles and a bar of soap and a pound of Mocha and Java mixed and a lot of other things that you invariably forgot.

And college baseball. Fine! You had uniforms then—*uniforms!* And they had



WOULD SUDDENLY REMOVE THREE BUTTONS, AND LET FLY”

plenty of dirt on 'em, and large letters on the bosoms, and short sleeves to the shirts. And you'd pull the peak of your cap down over one eye and cast an eagle-gaze across at the grand stand where all the girls were and stroll carelessly up and down with your head thrown back and your arms crossed on your breast and a little mud smooched on one cheek-bone and an expression of savage concern upon your visage, as though the fate of several nations and thirty or forty dependencies rested upon your sharp and scraggy shoulders.

You were a regular ball-player then. And you could almost hear (“almost,” I said) the tall, statuesque blonde in the third row, there, say to her escort, as she bent upon you soft, blue eyes:

“Oh, Jack, do look at that *distingué* fellow there—the fine-looking one with the broad shoulders. Isn't he a perfect specimen of young American manhood! I would so love to meet him!”

And you would swell up so that you'd have to undo at least three more buttons in order to keep from strangling to death. In reality she was probably remarking:

“Gee! look at the skinny guy with the dirty face. Every time I get my lamps

focused on him, I wanter holler, ‘Cash! Ain't he the limit!’”

But you didn't know that; and so it was really just as well as if she had said that which you felt she did. Ah, Youth! Youth! What comforting self-confidence! What vast vanity! What inspiring egotism! Without it, where would you be? It may make other people extremely tired; but it gives you the nerve and the stamina and the perseverance and the confidence to dare and to do.

But where was I? Oh, yes—at college baseball. That, too, was good for you. It cultivated self-reliance, quickness of decision, self-control, resourcefulness, strength. It tuned the body and developed the mind. And you profited by both—at least, I hope you did. If you didn't, it's your own fault.

And now we come to professional baseball, the amusement of the masses, the business of the players. It's a gigantic thing, this professional baseball. There are two big leagues and two hundred smaller ones. They have presidents and vice-presidents and officials and umpires and rules and exceptions to rules and exceptions to exceptions, and they own property and they hire players at salaries that are three o.

The Great American Game

four times as great as those of congressmen and judges and seven or eight times as great as those of college presidents and similar well-meaning plugs and almost as great as those of good horse-jockeys and chauffeurs.

And every day, when there is a game, all the big newspapers put out bulletins giving the score by innings. And messenger-boys with telegrams to deliver and business men with important engagements to keep and truck-drivers and policemen and firemen and loafers and people who ought to know better all gather in front of these bulletins to find out whether the paid automatons of Chicago, who never lived in that city and never want to, are winning from the hired help of New York, who have been gathered and garnered from Maine to California, from Dan to Beer-sheba, to push for their payers, and who would work just as willingly for Boston or Detroit as they do for their present employers should circumstances, or higher pay, so decree.

It is with professional baseball that the game ceases to become a matter of personal pride and becomes merely a question of civic supremacy. There is as much difference between professional baseball players and amateur baseball players as between Hessians and minute-men. But people who have never known minute-men cannot be blamed for liking Hessians.

The Great American Game is popular, vastly so; and as long as it is conducted honestly [and honorably (as it generally is) and amuses the people (as it generally does)] one might run the risk of being deemed captious if one deplored its existence on grounds of professionalism.

Of course you have been to a ball game. Everybody has.

There's scarce a man with soul so dead
That he ne'er to himself hath said,
"My grandmother shall die to-day,
And I'll go see the Giants play."

And the grandmother gag worked very well, too, in the days of your youth; and you could have her very ill a couple of times before you were finally compelled to exterminate her. But when you grew older, you

had to invent other things.

Once in a while you could be sick yourself, if you prepared for it judiciously by mooning around the office a couple of days before the game, complaining that you didn't feel well and that you just knew that you were coming down with gripe. And then, on the day in question, you could have your wife call up your employer on the 'phone about eleven o'clock and tell him that you had been trying to come down to the office all the morning and were so eager to get to your work that they had had to throw you down and sit on you; and that you were suffering terribly with pains in the small of the back and cold feet and spots before the eyes and had a temperature of a hundred and eleven degrees Fahrenheit, but that the doctor thought you'd be able to get down to work on the next day if you stayed at home and had a complete rest, although of course he couldn't tell definitely until your case had developed a little further.

And then in the afternoon you'd sneak off for the Polo Grounds, keeping a weather-eye peeled in case you should chance to meet some one from the office; and whenever you saw an old man with a silk hat on, you'd duck around a corner and hide there until he was out of sight.

You go up to the grounds in the subway, or maybe the elevated (they run each other a very close race for second place), and all the way up you stand wedged a bit more closely than the laws of nature allow, be-



"STROLL CARELESSLY UP
AND DOWN WITH YOUR
HEAD THROWN BACK
AND YOUR ARMS
CROSSED"



" 'SURE IT WAS A STRIKE, WA'N'T IT, FATTY?' DEMANDS PUG-NOSE, RUNNING UP FROM THE PITCHER'S BOX "

tween a fat woman who tries to sink your floating ribs by punching holes in them with the point of an umbrella, and an imported American of the common, or garden, variety, commonly known as "guinea," who seems to have pretty well cornered the smell market and who finds your feet a much more comfortable place to stand on than the floor. And on either side of you are complaining juveniles who eat large, venerable, squashy peaches and then drop the parts for which they have no use in the cuffs of your trousers.

At length, after about six or seven eons have elapsed, the guard shoves his face in at the door at the end of the car and gives an imitation of a man with a hare-lip and a split palate in the throes of chronic indigestion. Then everybody begins all at once to try to climb up your back. Some one kicks you on the shin. Some one else tries industriously to step on that part of your feet that isn't already occupied by the common, or garden, American, who, by the way, is the

only person in the car who doesn't seem to be in a hurry. Somebody else sticks an angular elbow like a brass knuckle into your left eye, and yet another somebody prods you a couple of times in the small of the back with something that feels like one of those things that are used to settle protruding cobblestones. And at length you are swished out upon a platform, somewhere, to find yourself teetering along in a turgid torrent of turbulent, tempestuous humanity.

After a while you come to long enough to hand your money to a man behind a little window who thrusts a ticket into your face and tells you to "git out o' de way an' give de odder guys a chancet"—a thing which you couldn't help doing if you wanted to. And then once again into the vortex.

Your next lucid interval finds you sitting on the soft side of a hard board, in the sun, and trying to keep out of the way of a stampede of people who seem to be much more eager to step on you than anywhere else.

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And then, after another interval, things begin to calm down a bit and at last you feel that you can drop your haggard, harried expression and let your face rest once more.

You look about to find on your left a fat man with a near-Panama hat and a newspaper, and on your right an ardent-looking youth with a perfervid necktie and a cigarette that smells like a Chinese joss-stick.

Suddenly a swirl of excited comment turns all eyes to the diamond, and you let yours go with the rest. The game is about to start. A small, lumpy man, in civilian clothes save for the mask he wears, tosses a gleaming white sphere out to the pitcher. The latter spits on his hand, rubs his palm in the dirt, caresses the ball (just as you yourself used to do in those other days ago), and then, curling himself up like a dissolute bed-spring, throws. The sphere flashes through the air, the batsman, drawing back powerful shoulders, swings mightily upon it, and then the ball lands in the catcher's mit with a dull thump, and the lumpy umpire yells, "Strike!"

The catcher throws the ball back to the pitcher, and they do the same thing over again, with the exception that this time the umpire yells, "Ball one!"

At length the man at the bat manages to land one of his vicious swings on the now nondescript-colored sphere, and away it goes, with the right-fielder after it like a dog after a stick. And while the batsman runs around the bases the spectators all

stand up and yell. Oh, it is most exciting!

The right-fielder overtakes the ball while the runner is doing an Empire State Express

over third base and running so fast he can't see the block-signals. And the right-fielder throws to the center-fielder and the center-fielder throws home, the ball reaching the catcher's hands just as the runner gets to the plate.

"Out," says the umpire.

"Wot!!" demands the captain of the home team, which is the one to which the runner belongs.

"Out, I said," returns the umpire truculently. "See?"

This is all the bleachers need. "Robber!" they yell.

"Thief!"

"Dub!"

"Crook!"

"I seen it myself! He was safe as a choich! Gee, he cou'n't 'a' be'n no safer 'f he'd stayed home! Thief! Yaaaaaa!"

Meanwhile the runner has brushed the dust from himself and retired to the bench. He gets his pay just the same, so what does he care? And the captain of the home team, after making, purely for form's sake, a perfunctory complaint, subsidies; for he, too,

gets paid just the same, so what does he care? And the umpire gets paid just the same no matter what he decided, so, again, what does he care? In fact, nobody seems to care much except the bleachers.

The uninitiated might naturally suppose that the best game is that in which the most runs are made, but this is not so. Quite to



"WHENEVER YOU SAW AN OLD MAN
WITH A SILK HAT ON, YOU'D
DUCK AROUND A CORNER"



"AND THE MAN BESIDE YOU GETS UP AND HOPS UP AND DOWN AND SOAKS YOU ON THE
EAR WITH HIS NEWSPAPER AND YELLS"

the contrary, the best game is that in which the fewest runs are made. And so the batters step up only to be struck out; and on the third strike-out, the sides change. My, but it's exciting!

And so it goes on and on and on, and then, finally, one of the White Socks, or the Red Heads, or whatever they are, hits the ball with a good, left-handed wallop. And away it goes, while the long-legged, hungry-looking batsman hikes off for first base as though there were money waiting there for him.

Then some one else manages to get his bat in the way of the ball; and off *he* starts for first, while the man formerly on that much-desired spot (who has, in the interval of two strikes and two balls, managed to land safe on second after a twenty-foot slide on his sternum) prances gaily off to third. And the man who hit it last succeeds in

getting to second ere the left-fielder can retrieve the horsehide globule.

A third man comes up to the plate. And then something happens. And the man beside you gets up and hops up and down and soaks you on the ear with his newspaper and yells:

"Goo' boy! H'ray! Yah! Yah! Gee-whataoak! Run, y' ice-wagon, run! Fine-andandy! Yow! Yow! Heeeeeeeeeee-yah!"

And the petulant youth with the hectic scarf and the industrious cigarette cries, gentlemanly,

"Raw! Raw! Well struck, Cassidy!"

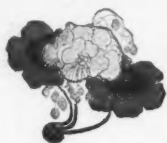
And everyone jumps up and begins to howl and shriek and wave frantic arms, and finally some whirling dervish behind you lams you over the head with a two-by-four joist and crams your hat down over your eyes. By the time you get it up where you can look out from under, everybody is

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walking over you to get out. For the American public is always in a hurry. It is in a hurry to get where it is going. It is in a hurry to get through with what it came for. It is in a hurry to get home again. And, for that matter, it is in a hurry to get away from home almost as soon as it's gotten there. The only thing which Americans don't hurry over is paying bills.

Then comes another hour of catch-as-catch-can traveling, and at about six thirty you get home with your clothes torn, your disposition ruined, your hat smashed and a nose that would do credit to a Keeley Cure freshman.

Oh, it's a great game, is baseball! By and by, when I get another grandmother, I'm going again.



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By John Kendrick Bangs

O WHAT of the outer drear
As long as there's inner light;
As long as the sun of cheer
Shines ardently bright?

As long as the soul's a-wing,
As long as the heart is true,
What pow'r hath trouble to bring
A sorrow to you?

No bar can encage the soul,
Nor capture the spirit free,
As long as old Earth shall roll
Or hours shall be.

Our world is the world within,
Our life is the thought we take,
And never an outer sin
Can mar it or break.

Brood not on the rich man's land,
Sigh not for the miser's gold,
Holding in reach of your hand
The treasures untold

That lie in the mines of heart,
That rest in the soul alone,
Bid worry and care depart;
Come into your own!

